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THE BOOKMAN

WHAT THEY ARE READING IN BOOKS

By Helen McAfee

HOW is it that novelists, who seem to expect so much reading of the rest of us, require so little of the people in their books? Most literate adults plow through a good many volumes in the course of a year, working them in, when pressed for time, at odd moments on trains, subways, and Sundays at home. Even the tired business man reads something—if it be only what Mr. Dell calls "an Ethel M. Dingle novel". Yet the men and women of our fiction, though they seem to have both more leisure and more money to spend on literature than we, seldom read anything at all. No modern hero is in danger of becoming mentally unbalanced, like poor old Don Quixote, through an insatiable appetite for romancers—or realists either.

While the people in their products get off so lightly, it is hardly fair that publishers should preach at us from the text, "Buy a book a week." Why should we always "give books as gifts" when it is the rarest exception for their characters to receive one? Although Rebecca West's Ellen had never been able to afford books and had a true Scottish passion for them, it didn't occur to her lover to present one to her. Most of us (who are not reviewers by profession) take along a few volumes on our vacations—for in the gayest holiday there is sure to be a long rainy evening or two—but not so the whimsical ladies in "The Enchanted April". We have "Elizabeth's" word for it that one of them disapproved on moral grounds of the high life memoirs that her husband wrote. But did the other three object to royal scandal? Well, there you have it—only one of the four carried a book with her on this delightful month's excursion—and of that (it was her dear friend Ruskin's "Stones of Venice") she could not read a single sentence! It is somewhat consoling to remember that Mr. Perrin, in "Faint Perfume", at least *planned* to pack his "red Theocritus" for the journey he was never to take to Thes-

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saly and Crete. Yet if we go off for so much as a Saturday-Sunday *Ausflug*, we have imposed upon us a weekend diet of literary vitamines.

Various reasons may be assigned for this suppression—for it amounts to that—of books in books. More (or less) modest than G. B. S., the majority of writers seem to have a distaste for hearing their characters talk them over. I wish they did not feel this inhibition. I should like immensely to know what some of Mr. Lawrence's people—the women, say, in "Women in Love"—think about the theorem to which he has assigned them. And, naturally, since they cannot advertise themselves, authors are not as a rule anxious to advertise their rivals. Hamlet gives us no clue to the book he entered reading, though we may suppose from the context it was not one of Shakespeare's. Doubtless some scholar detective will yet identify it. "Words, words, words"—what a subject for a Doctor's thesis—if it has not already been taken!

But to keep to the present. There are, of course, occasional striking exceptions to this exclusion of books from our fiction. We must give Ellen in "The Judge" credit for reading the love poems of Shelley and Byron (which she found "very superficial") and for taking Froude's "Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle" to bed with her; but nothing, I notice, is said of her illustrating her gifted creator's maxim that we should be ready to devote at least two months to a really well written novel. The young girl in "Many Marriages" was engaged with a modern story of old New Orleans, from which Mr. Anderson shows us a paragraph—somewhat in the manner of Sterne, who would, however, have been more likely to throw in a whole chapter for good measure.

D. H. Lawrence's people are seldom permitted the relaxation of books, but when they have them they read "in character", if one may judge from the choice of Henry in "The Fox", in the volume headed by "The Captain's Doll". After his day's work Henry "immersed himself", we are told, "in the intense and isolated business of reading"—Captain Mayne Reid. Miss Banford, also of this household, reads as much as her weak eyes will allow, but March (whom the author obviously prefers) crochets; while the favored ladies in "The Ladybird" and "The Captain's Doll" choose rather to ply the needle.

For such "literary" novels, surprisingly little reading is done in "Swann's Way" and "Futility". Swann and his friends are fonder of entertaining themselves with music. The Russians of "Futility" affect the theatre, taking their English cavalier to see "The Three Sisters". From their allusions they seem to know something of Chekhov and Gogol and Krilov, as well as Verbitskaya; and the little German governess talks confidently of those "serious, moral writers", Byron and Oscar Wilde. But they don't take up any of these authors within the confines of the text—which is not, after all, to be wondered at, for they eschew therein most forms of intellectual exertion.

Another of the literary novels of the year is one of the contrary instances that prove our point. "Jacob's Room" is fairly plastered with books and reading, and Mrs. Woolf has laid on the plaster with a generous trowel. Still this could hardly be helped, for Jacob is of the traditional English type that battens on the classics, and as we see him through Cambridge, books cannot very well be avoided. He is all for the Greeks and Marlowe,

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lives of Wellington and Finlay's "Byzantine Empire", Plato's dialogues and the poems of Donne. He despises his poor professor who has on his shelves outmoded "books by Wells and Shaw" and on his table "serious sixpenny weeklies written by pale men in muddy boots". But other people also read in this exhilarating tale. A lady on a train gets through three pages of "one of Mr. Norris's novels" —*which* Norris, one wonders, and which novel. The sleepless Mrs. Durrant underscores certain lines in the "Inferno"—fancy, the "Inferno" in a current story! And even the two gay girls try to read (though unsuccessfully), in deference to Jacob's enthusiasm, the one "Tom Jones", the other a poem by Shelley that won't go down even with chocolate creams. "Tom Jones" is also read in Miss Cather's "Lost Lady" and is talked about in Michael Arlen's "Piracy". Although I have no statistics to fall back on, I have gained a strong impression from my exploration of recent fiction that Fielding is the most popular of the older English novelists with the young novelists of today.

There is a good deal of book talk, first and last, in "Black Oxen", but less of reading than of writing—the redoubtable Countess on one occasion asks for a list of new things, only (so far as we know) to ignore the advice, quite humanly, after she gets it. This is also the case with "Piracy", in which the central figure, Ivor, is a novelist. We hear that some of his friends loyally read his works, the exact titles and dates of which are quaintly given in footnotes. We hear further that one of his friends gave the women he knew "beautifully bound copies of 'Tristram Shandy', which he said was *the only* book." Once in a serious mood Ivor picks up the third volume of the "Life of Disraeli", and once he starts to read a volume of Shaw's plays to the picturesque Lady Tarylon (possessor of the cigarette cases of "gold, platinum, jade, tortoise shell, crystal, and onyx"); but as so often happens, especially in books, he is presently interrupted.

We learn an astonishing amount, before we get through, about Mr. de la Mare's "Midget", among other things, what she reads and what she thinks of it. She has good taste. She admires Emily Brontë and Jane Austen—buys a diminutive copy of "Sense and Sensibility", at a reduced price. "If only I were Jane Austen," she exclaims, "my gracious, I would enjoy myself! Her people are just the same as people are now—inside." Not as people in novels are now, my dear Midgetina, especially *inside!* Fanny Bowater thought "Jane Eyre" a better book than "Wuthering Heights". But the Midget did not agree. To her, "The very first sentence of this strange, dwelling book was a spell." Again, in "The Riddle", Mr. de la Mare has recorded his loyalty to Emily Brontë, following in his own fashion the wholehearted tradition of Fielding, who made his novels the vehicles of fine tributes to the genius of his great contemporaries. The handsomest indirect compliment in this kind that I have lately seen is paid by Miss Richardson to Conrad. In "Revolving Lights" the perennial Miriam says to herself: "It's dreadful to think of people missing him. . . . Even God would enjoy reading 'Typhoon'."

Sinclair Lewis does the same sort of thing in a more backhanded style. George F. Babbitt finds in his daughter's room several of her favorite books—which are not his favorites. There are Conrad's "Rescue", Cabell's "Figures of Earth", poems by Vachel

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Lindsay, essays—"highly improper essays, making fun of the church and all the decencies"—by H. L. Mencken, and Hergesheimer's "Three Black Pennys" (misspelled in my edition). From this last he reads the opening description—"A twilight like blue dust sifted into the shallow fold of the thickly wooded hills . . ." How like a good deed in a naughty world Mr. Hergesheimer's prose shines on Mr. Lewis's page! But Babbitt couldn't "get into" the story—it was too disconnected. This failure, it is true, is somewhat offset by the achievement of Seneca Doane, who read "The Way of All Flesh" in a Pullman. And the residents of Floral Heights are downright bookish when compared with the Californians in "The Poor Man" whom Stella Benson's hero accuses of saying "book" when they mean "magazine". Some of them are even alleged to be purchasers of "Milton for Boys", thus setting the low water mark for literary taste in the year's fiction.

In a dissimilar manner, but apparently with the same friendly intention, Floyd Dell in "Janet March" reads into his record two poems—a lyric by Miss Millay near the beginning of the book and Whitman's "A Woman Waits for Me", toward the end. Both are discussed by Janet and the man who has been reading to her (a different man in each case) and she makes a mental comparison between them. In her diary Janet comments upon "The Old Wives' Tale", a French edition of Casanova's "Memoirs" (which she thought monotonous), and Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage", which set her wondering why great novels are so terribly long. She does not appear, in her literary leanings, to take after her father and mother, who are interested in Veblen and John Stuart Mill. Another young woman in the story goes over and over a novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward—which brings us to the opportunities for criticism of fellow craftsmen that book talk in novels offers to writers.

It is hardly to be expected that they should pass all these opportunities by. Thus Michael Arlen takes a pirate shot at O. Henry and another at Beresford. But he does not really make the most of his chances, as does the author of "The Blind Bow-Boy". With one hand Mr. Van Vechten gives you what his most heavily satirized characters like to read, Mrs. Hemans and Adah Isaacs Menken, for example. "Cupid", the Stupid Husband (as conventional a figure in the Georgian novel as ever he was in the Restoration play), is caught by Campaspe, the Clever Wife, at "This Freedom". With the other hand Mr. Van Vechten writes down for you the things that Campaspe, who is a complete "sophisticate", tries to read but fails. Among these are the Book of Common Prayer, over which she fell asleep, and a volume by Waldo Frank which she had bought "under the impression that it was called 'Darkey Mothers' ". This turned out to have another title that didn't interest her; and she tossed it aside after a sentence or two, wondering why authors wrote "in this uncivilized and unsophisticated manner" and how it was possible to read an author who never laughed. Then follow knocks at Gene Stratton-Porter, Dreiser, Rupert Hughes, Dos Passos, and Joyce's "Ulysses", with interspersed praise of Georg Kaiser, Nietzsche, Hilaire Belloc, Melville, and Ouida. A death blow is given to psychology—"the supreme imbecility".

It would not, of course, do to take Mr. Van Vechten's humor too seriously. Nor would it be quite fair to conclude that a novelist means to con-

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demn a book when he makes even an intelligent character incapable of finishing it. There may be extenuating circumstances—as in the case of Mr. Tebrick whom Mr. Garnett described as being unable to continue reading "Clarissa Harlowe" aloud to his wife after that poor lady had been changed into a fox. On the other hand, one must give authors the credit due them for making their people at least resolve to read many interesting works. Did Mrs. Wharton's young soldier when he went to "the Front" ever find that "good chance" he thought he should get to read through his "Golden Bough"? I for one hope so.

Oddly enough, the American story, among those that have lately come my way, in which the people do the most reading, actually sitting down before your eyes, is not of the cultured east but of the stale, flat, and still (for fiction) oh how profitable, middle west. Can it be that it is the midlanders, so frequently reviled or satirized by contemporary writers, who most assiduously buy their books? At any rate, there are people in "Being Respectable" who have an unmistakable reading habit. The attractive and slightly Bolshevik Deborah is one of them. She kept at "The Brothers Karamazov" (recommended by her lover) "till her eyes ached", and she "was strangely happy" with it. Her New England sister-in-law felt that she ought to get "that new book by what's his name—Bertrand Russel" (sic). Phil Denby was accustomed to retire to an armchair with "large books". His wife did not know what they were, but they looked unlike the things she and her friends read. "The Arab"—much discussed at a dinner party—comes in for an attack from a young married woman, who calls it "imbecile and pornographic". Evidently it is closely related to "The Sheik". Another book this Middle States town talked about—or rather its "best families"—was "the something or other Warrior". But the young hero apparently preferred Hamsun to Hutchinson. "The Nobel prize book", he says in his staccato manner. "All manure and childbirth. Beautiful too." One or two books even precipitate arguments. This sounds strangely like life beyond the printed page. Indeed if "Being Respectable" were as distinguished for its art as it is for its verisimilitude, it would be a great story. In a way it shows what may be done for the novel within the novel.

But the finest passage I have encountered in the new fiction on books and reading is in Miss Cather's "Lost Lady". It concerns the young man who sees for us, through much of the story, the Lady herself; and I should like to follow the practice of some of the novelists I have mentioned and show my appreciation by reproducing a part of it here:

> On the evenings when there was no whist at the Forresters', Niel usually sat in his room and read,—but not law, as he was supposed to do. The winter before, when the Forresters were away, and one dull day dragged after another, he had come upon a copious diversion, an almost inexhaustible resource. The high, narrow bookcase in the back office, between the double doors and the wall, was filled from top to bottom with rows of solemn-looking volumes, bound in dark cloth, which were kept apart from the law library; an almost complete set of the Bohn classics, which Judge Pommeroy had bought long ago when he was a student at the University of Virginia. He had brought them West with him, not because he read them a great deal, but because, in his day, a gentleman had such books in his library, just as he had claret in his cellar. Among them was a set of Byron in three volumes, and last winter, apropos of a quotation which Niel didn't recognize, his Uncle advised him to read Byron,—all except "Don Juan". That, the Judge remarked, with a deep smile, he "could save

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until later." Niel, of course, began with "Don Juan". Then he read "Tom Jones" and "Wilhelm Meister" and raced on until he came to Montaigne and a complete translation of Ovid. . . . He read the "Heroides" over and over, and felt that they were the most glowing love stories ever told. He did not think of these books as something invented to beguile the idle hour, but as living creatures, caught in the very behavior of living,—surprised behind their misleading severity of form and phrase. He was eavesdropping upon the past, being let into the great world that had plunged and glittered and sumptuously sinned long before little Western towns were dreamed of. Those rapt evenings beside the lamp gave him a long perspective, influenced his conception of the people about him, made him know just what he wished his own relations with these people to be. For some reason, his reading made him wish to become an architect. If the Judge had left his Bohn library behind him in Kentucky, his nephew's life might have turned out differently.

Thus a case of books plays a part at least in the secondary action of the "Lost Lady". This is taking reading in a story seriously indeed. But that is as far as writers at present seem prepared to carry books within their covers. And when you consider that most of them forbid their characters to read altogether, Miss Cather's account of Niel's experience appears almost radical. Perhaps reading is frowned upon in novels because it seems to modern authors undramatic —likely to "stall" the action. Yet in this matter precedent is not all on their side. Have they forgotten Dante's Paolo and Francesca, and how the passionate tale these two read together in the garden set fire to their own passion and added another great love story to the world's treasury of romance?

I have no desire to press a literary moral. I am merely a recorder of certain facts. On the other hand, I cannot help it if the facts here assembled convey a hint to the practitioners of the great American art of advertising.

EXIT

By David Morton

THE day goes faltering toward the tumbled west,
Ragged and old and muttering, in his thought,
Of grievous wrongs, and crippled and oppressed,
He wears the ruin that the storm has wrought.
The prowling wind will never let him be,
The blinking stars lean out to stare at him;
The old man is too bitter-blind to see:
His wits are wandering and his eyes are dim.

The hills have opened for his going out,
Where gaunt trees mock him with grotesque goodbys,
In a great wind that gathers to a shout
And sends him tottering down the angry skies—
Gone, with his mumbling and his tattered pack,
And none cares whither. . . . He will not come back.

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LAFCADIO HEARN AND THE SENSE OF SMELL

A Mystery for Bibliomaniacs

By Edward Larocque Tinker

With Wood Cuts by the Author

N odor of mystery, or possibly more accurately a mystery of odor, has always haunted the memory of Hearn. This fact has been known to few for two reasons: first, because it depended in part upon a certain supersensitiveness of smell inherent in Hearn; and secondly, because the sense of smell, as a topic of conversation, has been under a cloud for a number of years. So dark and overwhelming has been this cloud that before proceeding further it seems incumbent upon me to attempt at least to dissipate it.

Sight, hearing, taste, and touch have always received the stamp of utter respectability, even in the days of mid-Victorian virtue. It has always been considered perfectly polite to discuss bad color combinations, dissonances — which are inharmonious sound combinations, disagreeable tastes, and things that are uncomfortable to the touch — all these sense reactions whether pleasant or unpleasant have ever been of good repute. Why then should the reactions of the sister sense of smell be thrust into the background as something vulgar, unrefined, offensive? Of course certain reactions have always escaped from this general taboo. One was permitted to enjoy and discuss the perfumes of flowers, the scent of new mown hay, and their synthetic imitations used by women for purposes of personal attraction, without being considered a vulgar boor; but a bad smell — never. The war, however, as in innumerable other cases, has worked surprising changes. It has burst the bonds of convention that have fettered the sense of smell. Just as the lowly louse became, during the war, a general topic of dinner table conversation under its nom de guerre of *cootie*, so has the stench of battlefields and of marching millions made the world willing to accept this sense on a par with the other senses and to discuss bad odors as freely as agreeable perfumes.

It is good that there has been this common sense reversal of convention, because the olfactories play a much greater part in the lives of men than we realize. This lack of realization is due to the fact that we have been repressing our smell reactions and pushing them back into our subconsciousness for some hundreds of years — ever since Elizabethan times when theatre audiences were accustomed to shout with great frankness, "Burn the juniper!"

A delightful old gentleman of New Orleans, gifted with an inquiring turn

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of mind, felt so much the truth of this assertion that he determined to give a forceful demonstration of the peculiar influence of smell upon human beings. My old friend knew that way back in the 'eighties it was the habit of Creole belles to use a perfume called *verteverre*, of a most delightful and distinctive old fashioned fragrance — a perfume, I regret to say, that has long passed out of fashion. Having provided himself with a small vial of this essence, he took the train for New York, there to foregather with three old friends — men who had left New Orleans to seek their fortunes years before, and who had succeeded. Upon his arrival he invited them to dine with him at the club. After the dinner had progressed to that postprandial state of mellow conversation, the host managed surreptitiously to transfer a few drops of *verteverre* to the back of his hand and gestured in a seemingly unconscious way under the noses of his friends. One old gentleman sniffed and was overwhelmed with a train of memories — the carnival ball where he had made such desperate love to Octavie — their first kiss — the death of his mother and the odor of *verteverre* that always exhaled from her clothes — those and a thousand other memories brimmed his eyes with tears. The second and then the third old gentleman succumbed to this long forgotten odor, and there sat these three case hardened men of the world, tears slipping down the furrows of their faces, all victims of a mere perfume. Suddenly one of them realized the trick that had been played upon him, and thoroughly exasperated he turned to his host and growled, "Damn you! What did you do that for?" . . .

Having defended sufficiently, I hope, the power and new found respectability of smell, may I be permitted to treat my subject with the perfect frankness that alone leads to understanding?

Certain men seem to have retained a power of smell as keen as that undoubtedly possessed by our prehistoric ancestors, and these men enjoy perfumed pleasures that are unknown to the average mortal. Of this class was Lafcadio Hearn, whose olfactory sense was abnormally keen. Even the construction of his nose would seem to indicate great abilities in this direction. It was aquiline and quite large, with finely cut, sensitive nostrils that had a queer trick of quivering when he became excited or deeply interested, just as do a horse's nostrils when he is turned out in a strange pasture. Probably this quivering, in some obscure way, sharpens the powers of smell; all animals seem to have the same habit in crises, when it becomes necessary for them to use all their senses to forestall danger or determine the presence of their mates or their prey.

As an artist is fascinated by colors whose subtle variations mean much to his trained eye, so was Hearn deeply concerned with the subtle variations of odor which were constantly assailing his supersensitive nostrils. These olfactory sensations interested him to such a degree and were so much in his thoughts that he began to write about them in his letters. To his friend Krehbiel he wrote from New Orleans, "Loti says the Orient smells like musk. The vapors are musk laden; the breezes are musky, the turned up earth, the excrements of the people and the animals. I have smelled such musk here emanating from ancient buildings, — nauseous, heavy, unutterable; the odors of the droppings of innumerable bats." The odor of bats

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Chisel shaped roofs seen from the patio of the Morphy House

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seems to have been especially offensive to him. In several editorials in the New Orleans "Item" he attacks the brutality of the authorities in confining criminals in the Parish Prison which was alive with bats.

> Any wayfarer who lingers in the neighborhood of Congo Square about sundown, may behold the weird prison, a vast flock of winged demons hovering above it, preparing to hold their ghastly revels under a gibbous moon. He may also smell the ghoulish odor outshaken from the wings of the innumerable host of imps. The odor is never to be forgotten. It contains suggestions of many odors — decaying shoe leather, miscarried eggs and dead cats — and yet it is unlike any of these. It is an original and astonishing odor which inspires fantastic dreams of death and dissolution,— Better we think, that the wicked be favored by a speedy death than that they be slowly driven out of the world by the most indescribable of stinks.

It is very probable that confinement in the Parish Prison would have been a far keener torture for Hearn with his supersensitive sense of smell than it was for usual criminal inmates who had only normal senses; however, this reaction serves to show how intensely his mind was occupied with the subject.

Not only did he write about these things but he also discussed them with his few intimates. Chief among them during the last five years of his stay in New Orleans was the man who later became internationally known as a surgeon and writer on medical topics, Dr. Rudolph Matas. Together they delved into all sorts of queer subjects such as appealed to Hearn's peculiar curiosities and romantic trend of mind: for instance, how long after death consciousness remains in the body, and whether a negro's vocal cords differ in formation from those of a white man. Hearn contended for hours that only a physical difference could ever explain the timbre of the negro's voice or that peculiar "splintering" of the notes, as he described it, that is so typical of their singing. But the topic that seemed most often to crop up was one that in some way pertained to smells or their influences. During the course of these discussions Hearn made certain very astonishing statements as to his own powers. He often declared that by the sense of smell alone he could immediately tell the difference between octoroons, quintroons, quadroons, mulattoes, and pure blooded Africans. As if this were not sufficiently remarkable, he would continue by saying that blindfolded he could tell the difference between a blonde and a brunette.

Dr. Matas always said that Hearn had the marvelous unspoiled sense of smell of an aboriginal man; and that in his opinion, this supernormal power represented an attempt on nature's part to compensate Hearn for his subnormal vision*. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that Hearn's olfactory reactions occupied quite a large part of his attention. Since whatever he thought about was sooner or later sure to appear in the columns of the newspaper for which he was writing, it is not surprising to find in the New Orleans "Item" for August 12, 1878, the following editorial by him:

AN ODOROUS SUBJECT

> In the recently republished analysis of blood stains, made in a murder trial, by Dr. Joseph Jones, there are some very curious facts stated which have more or less bearing on the question of the development of the sense of smell in man. The Doctor in his testimony seemed to hint that each variety of the human race has its own peculiar odor, like inferior animal races; and that the odor peculiar to the negro is discernible even in the blood from which it may be liberated by chemical analysis.

*One eye was blind and the other so myopic as to have only 1/20 normal vision.

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We may also infer that the odor has its gradations of power and peculiarity through all the various shades of color; that the odor of the mulatto and quadroon differs from that of unmixed negro blood and from each other; and that all varieties of hybrid possess perfumes peculiar to themselves.

Perhaps, also, the distinction of smell is not confined merely to races and their hybrids.

Perhaps we may yet discover that each branch of the human family, each nation of the earth has a smell of its own; that the Scotchman, Irishman, Spaniard, Portuguese, Italian, have each an intrinsic odor; and that Jack-the-Giant-Killer's Giant only anticipated the discoveries of science when he uttered the memorable "Fee, faw, fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman!"

This theory seems to obtain strong circumstantial evidence in its favor from the extraordinary power of scent displayed by dogs. The dog's olfactory sensitiveness appears to enable him to detect all the finer shades of human smell — the odor peculiar to each individual; and his ability in this regard really appears little short of miraculous. It has been averred by scientists that the human senses are by no means developed to their full extent; that, in fact, some of them have developed appreciably within the last two thousand years. It has been claimed that the Greeks of the Homeric period had no idea of the color blue.

The word representing the idea of that color can not be found in Homeric epics or the Homeric hymns. Much interesting discussion has arisen upon this subject, with the result of proving that the eye is yet a very imperfect optical instrument, that its powers are yet but partially developed; and that it is quite probable the human race may in course of time develop other senses of which it knows at present nothing whatever.

Perhaps the curious facts recorded in regard to somnambulistic clairvoyance may prove some day to have been only records of individual cases in which a sixth or seventh sense had obtained a slight development.

If the sense of sight be perhaps still imperfect, however, the sense of smell is certainly so. The human olfactories do not compare in power and development with those of the canine species.

Our sense of smell is at present chiefly useful in enabling us to avoid and detect the presence of such forms of decomposition as are prejudicial to health, and to seek the neighborhood of all that is fresh, lifegiving, pure and agreeable.

It may come to pass, however, that this sense may yet be developed to a greater pitch of usefulness. Future physicians might, by smell alone, be enabled to detect the exact nature of an ailment on entering the presence of a patient; and romanticism might rejoice in the discovery that youth and beauty in women is marked by a perfume like that of the garments of the Salamites — "a smell as of Lebanon", a perfume like that of the ideal maid "whom Gwydion made by glamour out of flowers". Indeed there are romanticists of this present era who claim as much; poets who aver that the presence of a beautiful woman is sweet to the sense as the passage of those Rabbinical angels who left rich perfumes as memories of their visits in the dwellings of the faithful.

Baudelaire, the French translator of Edgar Poe — and much of an Edgar Poe himself — was one of these. Baudelaire possessed an abnormally delicate sense of smell. *"Mon âme"*, he cries, *"voltige sur les parfums comme l'âme des autres hommes voltige sur la musique."* (My soul soars upon perfume as the souls of other men soar upon music.) He praised the perfume of his mistress's hair — "hair smelling of the South", as Swinburne would say — more than aught else. Let us quote a few of his lyricisms: "From her elastic and heavy locks, a living coffer of perfume, a censer of the nuptial chamber, exhales a sweet, wild, savage smell; and a perfume as of fur from the muslin and velvet robes impregnated with the spirit of her pure youthfulness. . . . Fair strange goddess, dark like the nights, thy perfume is a mingling of odors of musk and of Havana. . . . O rich hair, the romance of a languorous Asia and a tropical Africa, lives in thee, as in an aromatic forest. . . . Thou containest, Ebony sea, wild dazzling dreams of sails, rowers, flames and masts; and I inebriate myself with the confused odors of sea and tropical land — of cocoa oil, and musk, and tar. . . . O my Queen, my adored one, I fancy I can smell the perfume of thy blood." How far Baudelaire's sense of smell was developed, it is hard to say — especially as he had a great passion for describing the charms of Malabaresses, and Hindoo girls, and dark Venuses belonging to the notably odorous races, but out of some 200 odes contained in the last edition of his Fleurs du Mal, or "Poison Flowers", there is scarcely one in which he does not give vent to rhapsodies upon smells.

Unfortunately his most artistic pieces are too naughty for quotation.

Strange editorial for the Victorian 'eighties! In it we see implied admission of his own supersensitiveness of smell of which he boasted to Dr. Matas — admission as frank as he

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would dare to make to any but intimate friends. He seems also to have discovered a kindred keenness in Baudelaire. And his researches enabled him to discern a like preoccupation in other French writers. Of Pierre Loti he writes to Osman Edwards, "No other literary man living sees and hears and *smells** and thrills so finely as he"; and in a letter to Krehbiel he mentions having read a terrible essay on odors written by Huysman, one of Zola's most promising pupils.

That this subject retained its grasp upon his attention we know, because from time to time Hearn published translations from foreign magazines dealing with this topic. On October 26, 1878 he printed in the "Item" a translation of an article by Dr. Noirot which contains much strange information as to the customs of the ancients with regard to perfumes. Therein is quoted an English Act of Parliament of 1770 providing "that any woman who shall entice into marriage any of his Majesty's subjects by means of perfume, false hair or false hips shall be condemned as a sorcerer and that the marriage shall be declared null and void."

One of Dr. Noirot's statements may well point the path to mitigation for the victims of the Eighteenth Amendment. He says, "Perfumes produce, with only the difference of intensity and activity, effects precisely similar to those of alcohol. In small doses, exhilaration, acuteness of sensibility and vividness of imagination, a feeling as of self development and happiness; in large or too frequent doses disturbance of the senses, the understanding and the will."

Are we to expect from the publication of this paragraph the inauguration of an epidemic of whiffing jags? Will the modern "hip container" suddenly begin to exhale the scent of musk instead of reeking with the stench of synthetic abominations? Joseph Pennell declares that Prohibition precludes artistic achievement. Will the successful author go about his writing and attain his "vividness of imagination", a handkerchief redolent of attar of roses held to his nose?

But we are straying far afield. On January 3, 1880 Hearn followed up Dr. Noirot's article with a translation of a treatise by a certain Dr. Jager of Stuttgart, under the heading of "The Physiology of Smells". After advancing many shrewd arguments tending to prove the surprising thesis that the seat of the soul is in the nose and not in the heart, the navel, or the stomach, as other schools of thought aver, the good Doctor says, "The fact is that we smell well or ill according to our physical condition; that sickness is apt to produce nasty exhalations and health a fresh odor by no means unpleasant — what has been called by French writers 'the perfume of youth'†. Little animals, young doves, puppies — all little creatures just entering upon life, have a pleasant odor. There is a fresh pleasant smell about cleanly young children; and the hair of a girl has a natural perfume, sweeter than all the cosmetic odors Fashion drowns it with — what some Latin writers have dared to call 'the perfume of women'." Here we have arrived at the heart of our mystery, "the perfume of women".

Eugene Field, in his delightful little book, "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac", has a curious chapter

*The italics are mine.

†This phrase "perfume of youth" Hearn afterward expanded into a little essay to be found in "Exotics and Retrospectives", page 221, under the title "Parfum de Jeunesse". It is evident that this preoccupation followed him to Japan.

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on the "Odors that my Books Exhale". In this he makes a most remarkable statement about Hearn — so remarkable that I quote him verbatim: "Lafcadio Hearn once wrote a treatise upon perfumes, an ingenious and scholarly performance; he limited the edition to fifty copies and published it privately — so the book is rarely met with." In view of this perfectly positive statement is it not strange that no trace of any such mysterious volume has ever appeared? There is no doubt that Field knew Hearn. Field was often in New Orleans; in fact, in 1884 he made a long stay in order to report the Cotton Exposition for the Chicago "News". Also there are yet people alive in New Orleans who saw the two together.° What then is the explanation? Was the book so pornographic that all of Hearn's friends entered into a conspiracy to suppress it, or was Eugene Field only poking subtle fun at Hearn by attributing to him a purely apocryphal book? Who knows? I probably should have inclined to the latter hypothesis had not another bit of evidence set me wavering once more.

The original source of this new information was one Armand Hawkins, a second hand book and antique dealer of New Orleans. He was a queer character even for the old book business, which seems to attract the strangest types in the world. Early in life he had adopted a high hat as an emblem of respectability to inspire confidence in the hearts of would be purchasers, and from this hat he was never separated. Even within his store it lent dignity to his presence and there was a rumor, I don't know how well founded, that he slept with it on his head. A certain fuzziness and lack of shine gave at least some credence to the report. A full white beard, stained yellow in spots by tobacco juice, was the chief adornment of a face whose other salient features

John Armand Hawkins

were a rather heavy nose and a pair of very shrewd eyes hiding behind old fashioned octagonal spectacles that always slid down to the middle of his nose. His neck showed a surprising informality in one so passionately addicted to the dignity of a stove pipe hat; it seldom if ever felt the restraint of collar or cravat, its only adornment being a red bandanna handkerchief. He seemed to apologize for this lapse by wearing an incredibly old and dusty frock coat of a decorum worthy of the hat, which fell in faded folds from his slightly stooped shoulders.

His shop, a long dark place on Canal Street where now the Pickwick Club stands, was full to bursting with a thousand incongruous objects, lying in the infinite dust and disorder peculiar to such places. Hearn acquired the habit of stopping in here almost every

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afternoon to browse among the bookshelves in his nearsighted way, searching for the old exotic books that were food for his incontinent imagination—books of runic legend, oriental religions, gipsy tales, Punic myths, or Chinese fables. Sometimes, however, he found a group of the literati of the city gathered there for conversation. These he joined and would listen in silence to their talk until one among them brought up, intentionally, some subject in which he knew Hearn had an absorbed interest. Then would Hearn launch forth and in a well modulated, rather gentle voice pour out such a flood of informed and brilliant conversation as would hold his audience spellbound by the hour. Thus between Hearn and Hawkins an intimacy sprang up which lasted the ten years that Hearn lived in New Orleans. This friendship should give weight to any statements the old book dealer might make.

It is known on good authority that some years after Hearn left for Japan (in 1890) Hawkins made the statement that Hearn had written and had privately printed a book entitled "The Perfume of Women"; that this book, of which not more than thirty copies were made, had been presented by Hearn to his intimate friends and that he, Hawkins, had received one which was at that time in his safe. After Hearn's death in 1904 Hawkins was again asked about the existence of the volume. This time he denied that there was any such book, but finally admitted that he had had certain little sketches and rhymes made by Hearn, of so suggestive a nature that he had burned them. When Hawkins came to die nothing resembling the book in question was found in his safe, or among his effects. Again we come to an impasse.

There is, however, one possible explanation of this elusive rumor which I stumbled upon in a second hand bookshop in New York. The proprietor, a man of generous girth and sound book lore, told me that in 1912 an old newspaper man who had worked on the "World" used frequently to visit his shop and talk of Hearn. This reporter said he had known him well, often meeting him in Will Coleman's* bookshop under the old Astor House. One day, he declared, Hearn launched into a very interesting talk on the influence of perfumes. A gentleman overhearing the conversation finally interrupted and, introducing himself as one of the largest perfumery manufacturers of the city, asked Hearn to write him a treatise on the influence of perfumes which might be used for advertising. This Hearn agreed to do. At a later meeting he told the reporter that he had completed the article and had been paid for it.

It is possible that Hearn, after having written this pamphlet, may have mailed copies to a few friends. I will not go so far, however, as to say that this explanation is probable. The information came to me second hand and seems especially vague in view of the fact that my bookseller could not remember the name of the reporter nor could he locate him as he had returned to the west.

Here then is a mystery smelling of old books and lost manuscripts fit to delight the soul of any real bibliomaniac. Did Hearn write "The Perfume of Women"? His bias of mind, as shown in the trend of his conversations and writings, supports the belief that he did. Two persons who knew him, Eugene Field and Armand Hawkins, have asserted that he did,

*Coleman was the publisher of Hearn's first book, "Gombo Zhèbes".

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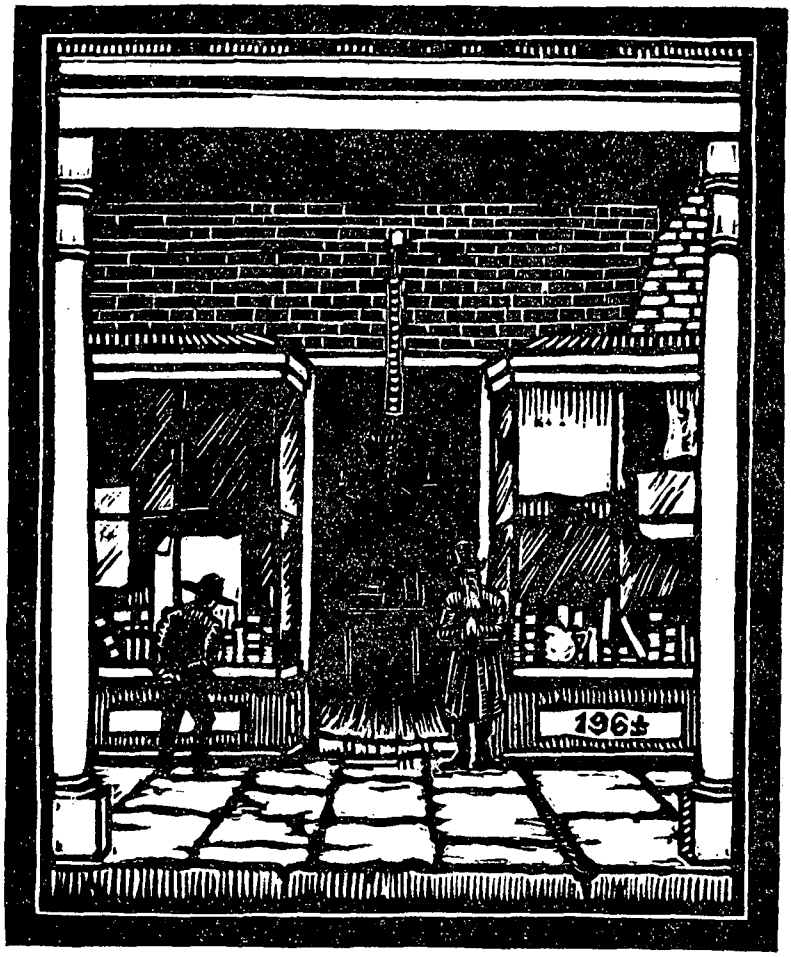

The Hawkins Bookshop on Canal Street, New Orleans

although Hawkins afterward recanted. On the other hand, the majority of his friends, who are yet living, say that they have never seen or heard of any such book and do not believe that Hearn wrote it.

Even in the face of such overwhelming evidence I believe that Hearn did write an essay upon "The Perfume of Women", but that it never progressed beyond the manuscript stage. I feel just as certain that it will never see the light of day, because I believe that Hearn himself destroyed the manuscript, as he did several others which he felt did not come up to his literary standard. I may be wrong of course, and "The Perfume of Women" may some day figure as a lucky bibliomaniac's prize.

Whatever the outcome, it will not spoil a new interest for readers of Hearn — that of tracing in his writings the tremendous influence that his supersensitive nose exercised over his literary output.

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MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR GENIUS

By Mary Austin

II: TRAINING YOUR TALENT

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We have usually considered genius a gift of the gods, bestowed upon only a chosen few. Mrs. Austin, after years of devoted study, emphatically asserts that genius can be acquired. In a series of three articles, the first of which appeared in the November* BOOKMAN, *she attempts to analyze genius and talent and to point the way both for recognizing them and for utilizing them in life and art.*

WE shall make better work of understanding the relation of genius to talent, and of both these to literary success, if we adopt the Greek habit of speaking of the deep-self as an essential entity. This is what the hypnotist does, and it is so Coué advises his patients to address the recreative principle within themselves. It is from the deep-self that the drive comes; the immediate-self directs and criticizes the production. There must be some such adjustment between the two selves as between the power and the steering gear of a motor.

The successful creative worker learns very early that the inexplicable flare ups, the absorbing preoccupations, the swift reversions of temperament so incomprehensible to the non-literary, are part of the mechanism of this inner integration. But he seldom has a satisfactory answer ready to the fretful, "But why must you . . . Why do you have to . . . ?" of the average citizen, who so often finds his acceptance of what the artist does inhibited by his irritation over the way the artist lives. Yet the artist himself knows that he must live responsively to this imperative and often wayward deep-self in order to produce anything at all. Unfortunately our educational system insists on ignoring genius altogether and treating "talent" as no more essential to the whole man than a wart is, tolerated only on clear evidence that it can be used in the business of making a living. Even then every talent is tested as if it stood alone, complete in itself.

In the public schools of our large cities we have instruction in music and design and some other rudiments of the fine arts. But I have yet to find a teacher in any of these departments who understands that a talent for music may be the forerunner of a great engineering capacity, or an interest in design the first appearance of a genius for novel writing.

Superlative literary gifts may, and frequently do, manifest first as any one of half a dozen architectonic talents. Individual rates of development are extremely variable, but there is a general tendency of special aptitudes to appear in the individual in the order in which they appeared in the racial evolution. The sense of rhythm develops very early, and a sense of pattern follows close after. These appear to be fundamental to all the arts, so that they would have to be accompanied by a pronounced disposition to express themselves in bodily movement to indicate a talent for dancing; or in color arrangements, to in-

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dicate painting; or in musical sounds, to indicate musical composition. Where there is a proper sensory instrumentation to make music possible—I mean natural "ear", or harmonic perception, or throat development—music may appear in early childhood as a forerunner of some other gift, to which music bears the likeness of the first or cotyledon leaves of the germinating plant. Every one of these might appear in early youth as indices of literary talent. They might not be recognized as literary indications even by the possessor. Innumerable writers have spent the early part of their lives in the sincere pursuit of a tributary talent. It is not until the intellectual faculties important to literary expression—such as imagination, ratiocination, or perception of character—develop that a genius for writing unmistakably declares itself.

Everybody knows that Bernard Shaw was an exceptional musical critic before he was a playwright, and that Benvenuto Cellini began by playing the flute, became a goldsmith of note, then a sculptor of first rank; and was probably all these only that he might finally write one of the most engaging of human autobiographies. Where the natural equipment is for representative design, we have such progressions as were shown by William Morris and De Morgan, or in our own day by Vachel Lindsay, who was an illustrator before he was a poet. The deep-self must work with what it has. It must be thought of as exercising itself with the tools that the immediate-self provides, ready to discard them the moment the true implement is ripe for use.

This condition makes it highly important to educate any talent as soon as it appears. It is also important not to take any given talent too seriously, since there is no knowing that it may not be a purely tentative movement on the part of the deep-self. If this fact were clearly understood by educators, the path of genius would be materially smoothed, for there is nothing the average citizen has less patience with than the fluctuations of talent, assuming them to be evidences of inconstancy of purpose, of defective coordination, or of sheer perversity. There are, of course, plenty of cases of sequential appearances of talent, where no drive is ever developed. That is to say, cases of talent without genius, or in our terminology, cases in which there is a well equipped immediate-self and total failure of coordination with the deep-self. There are also cases of talent and genius coexisting, but without the quality of intelligence to steer them to a worthy goal.

I am confident however that, if properly analyzed, nine out of ten of these cases would show themselves to be examples of capacity frustrated by improper education. Keeping in mind the popular view that a talent is merely a natural means of making a living, it is easy to understand how, the moment a given talent appears, it is educated as an end in itself. It is popularly supposed not to "pay" to give a child music lessons or courses of instruction in design unless that child forthwith sets out on a career as a musician or a designer. Pictures of such a career are immediately set up in the child's mind, and every disposition of the talent to transform itself into something of larger scope is sternly inhibited.

If the talent is a true and direct expression of an interior drive, such measures are unnecessary. Do you suppose that E. A. Robinson writes, or George Bellows draws, because some

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teacher kept him in after school to insist upon it? On the other hand, if a talent is merely a flourish of the deep-self, rehearsing for some more important business, there is tragic futility in trying to hold on to it under the impression that to let go is to exhibit either weakness of character or total failure of the capacity to make a living.

There is, of course, always the practical consideration. Educating a talent costs time, and frequently money. But where direct education is not practicable, a talent which is recognized as contributory rather than direct may be cultivated as a taste. One may not be able to afford a course of instruction in design, but one may read books on the subject and visit the art museums. Or if books and museums are inaccessible, there is the ever present principle of design in flower and leaf, and wave and wind patterns. It is possible to get a helpful acquaintance with music through the phonographic record, and the fundamentals of drama may be studied in the ritual of the church, the lodge, in children's plays, and in the perpetual plot and counterplot of nature.

What the deep-self needs for literary expression, what it is reaching out to obtain through these adventitious talents, is *fundamental concepts* of plot, of design, of proportion in art, of rhythm in life, and of characterization in human nature. For very great literature, the writer will also require a talent for perceiving truth in human behavior. So long as the deep-self is aware of the existence of such fundamental concepts, discoverable in any material presented, it is perfectly able to absorb them, and to transmute such concepts, no matter in what medium they are presented, into the desired technique. Once when I had gone to call on H. G. Wells, at Hampstead, I found him working out the construction of a Beethoven sonata with a mechanical piano player, and ready to discourse interestingly and at some length on the relation of musical form to novel writing. But Mr. Wells's intelligence is so acute that he could draw help in novel writing out of a laboratory experiment.

It is this intellectual recognition of the relation of what the immediate-self may be doing to what the deep-self is trying to do, that must be cultivated by the young writer. The insistence of young students that it is indispensable for them to come into contact with the perfected *forms* of art—great pictures, great plays, great musical performances—is not founded on any real necessity of the creative impulse, which has so many times given evidence of being able to work out a competent technique in the complete absence of all these. What the young artist really covets is the emotional values which arise out of contact with great art. So far as the question of developing a technique is concerned, these emotional reactions are largely illusory. The greatest advantage in early contacts with the best art is the formation of a correct taste and an ideal of achievement. But there is also a danger that the ideal formed may prove to be imitative, and the development of new and original forms thereby inhibited.

Historians of art form have remarked upon the fact that new forms are often produced out of great poverty of environment. What this means is that the creative self has been thrown back on *principles* of art, rather than on examples of completed form. It is sometimes a good thing to simulate this fortunate form of poverty, and compel yourself to seek

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for fundamental reasons behind forms of expression which you cannot possibly imitate in your medium. All that is necessary to secure the transmutation of this kind of knowledge into non-imitative technique is an intelligent realization of what you are doing, and perhaps a little help in the way of conscious autosuggestion. Here we can take a leaf out of Coué's book and, addressing the deep-self as though it were a distinct personality, let it know what is expected of it.

The order of development for particular literary forms in the individual tends to follow the order of racial evolution; consequently the earliest literary form to show itself is usually poetry. Probably every one of us has passed through the poetic phase, and most of us will admit it, even though the formal expression of the poetic impulse was inhibited too early to have left any written records. This is another of the unforgivable stupidities of our educational system. Observing that poetry is seldom a competent means of earning a living, the average parent, knowing no other values of the poetic impulse, stamps it out of his child as ruthlessly as he would stamp out a vicious tendency. The chances are ten to one that he regards it as a vicious manifestation in any case.

The early inhibition of the poetic impulse undoubtedly affects the later capacity to receive illumination from sources generally called poetic, and narrows the intake. Just as bad for the professional writer is the disposition to hold on to the poetic phase after it has served its term. Having begun as a poet and attained a certain success, the writer finds his ego involved in maintaining that success by self imitation and all the pitiful dodges of the poet who, after the fountain has ceased flowing, goes on trying to write poetry.

We must keep cases of this kind distinct from those failures of the source of creative inspiration which are due to some alteration of the drive, to psychological disaster, sorrow or shock, or ill health. I am referring now to the appearance of poetry — or story writing, which is the next step in the ontological evolution of literary genius — as a rehearsal for some form not yet revealed in its entirety. The moment the writer becomes conscious that there is a failure of form, while at the same time his sense of supply is keeping up, he should not only leave off struggling to keep up the old form, but put himself at once in the frame of mind most conducive to the perfecting of a new form. Even if he feels that he has not done all that he should like with the first form, he should still let it go; letting it go often being the price paid for the hope of getting it back again. If Thomas Hardy ever writes — as he has half promised to do — the intimate story of how his poetic gift, repressed after two years of creditable showing, was kept alive and made to reappear again with a vigor that any poet of the present generation might envy, at an age when most men have given up creative work altogether, we shall know more about this problem of the metamorphosis of genius. It is increasingly important that we should know about it, for it is in the nature of human development that, as the race advances, genius should prove more and more capable of expressing itself multifariously in the forms to which our mental evolution gives rise. In the meantime any writer who can, or who does, *naturally* use two or three forms, either consecutively or contemporaneously, in accustoming the public to receive all

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forms from the same writer is doing a general, much needed service.

One of the most frequent reasons for hesitating to follow natural alterations of the form of literary expression, is the fear of the effect the use of one form may have on another. Only yesterday a woman who has been writing successful plays told me that she was forcing herself back into novel writing for fear she would lose her narrative gifts by neglecting them. She is much more likely to lose them by forcing, and the only excuse for violating the interior drive would be the conviction that novel writing, as practised by this particular writer, is on a higher level than her play writing. Where there is marked discrepancy in the *quality* of the different modes, there is undoubted tendency to drop permanently to the lower level. This is the pitfall that lurks in the practice of potboiling, for as the lower practice is more constantly indulged, there is corresponding increase in the inertia of the higher impulses. But where the two forms are on the same level of effort and understanding, there is no possible way in which the one can interfere with the other. When the differing modes are in entirely different genres, as in the case of Rossetti's painting and writing, or Michael Angelo's painting and sculpture, and there is no loss of ideal in the passage from one to the other, then there is mutual enrichment of one by the other. If you will examine all the works of several writers who have persisted in using one form only, you will frequently find that the perfection of that form was reached early, and that the traditional gain of technique in repeating the form indefinitely quite as often turns out a loss.

In all these transmutations of understanding gained in one form into power in another, the important consideration is that there should be nothing done which violates the drive of the deep-self, such for instance as writing for money anything that the deep-self knows to be untrue, or believes to be vicious. Any such schism between the creative impulse and the instrument of production, if allowed to go on for a time, is bound to produce conditions in the mechanism of personality analogous to what happens in a machine when there is failure of coordination between the power and the steering gear.

II

This brings us naturally to a discussion of the one particular talent indispensable to the creative writer in any field, the talent for experiencing life. It is fortunate for us writers that this is one of the rarest talents with which human beings are endowed, for if all people had the capacity for experiencing life as broadly and as vividly as Joseph Conrad or H. G. Wells, there would be nobody left to experience it vicariously in the reading of books. As a matter of fact the faculty for experience is extremely limited in the majority of people. That is one reason why the race progresses so slowly. Apparently very little gets into the deep-self, and so into the racial inheritance, except by way of experience, and the best thing any writer can hope for about his own work is that it may stand in the place of an experience to the reader.

People do not realize, of course, that their faculty for experiencing is limited. What they think, most of them, is that their opportunity for experience is limited. I recall that when I was living in the Mojave Desert my neighbors, without exception, thought of the life there as bitterly circum-

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scribed; so much so that they could not believe that anybody brought up there could ever "amount to anything". Yet all the time I was having the most exciting adventures with sand storms and cloudbursts, with pocket hunters, sheep herders, coyotes, and cacti; and when all else failed, going off into exhilarating solitary adventures with the Friend-of-the-Soul-of-Man. Do not understand me to be describing mere imaginative indulgences, such as the psychoanalysts call "compensatory", but definite, realizable contacts which have passed the American test for veracity in experience, that of being worth good money in the literary market. In his book "Materials and Methods of Fiction" — one of the two or three really valuable books ever written on the subject — Clayton Hamilton says that the chief literary asset of the fiction writer should be an experiencing disposition. But there is no book which tells how to acquire such a disposition when you happen not to be born with it. The most that I can undertake to do myself is to suggest some ways in which the most can be made of such a native disposition.

As with the training of all other talents, it is important to have an intellectual understanding of the difference between experiencing a phase of life and being merely informed about it. We often hear critics and professors imploring the young writer to "be himself", whereas the really indispensable thing is for him to be able to be a great many things besides himself. The well endowed writer finds himself provided with a kind of capacity, of which he is the servant rather than the master, for penetrating to the very essence of dust and mire, living tree and whirling orb, rich man, prophet, and hunted thief.

I mean something here much more explicit than what is generally understood by the term *sympathetic*. To be sympathetic is merely to react emotionally in the same direction and to something of the degree to which others react to their experience. But there is a type of psychological liaison between the deep-self of the artist and his subject, which is perhaps the fundamental of the artist nature, for which I can think of no analogous rapport except that between the healer and the submerged self of his patient. In some way not easy to explain, and often without the artist's connivance, his immediate-self is pushed aside, and by some subterranean passage his whole being flows into and unites itself with what afterward becomes the object of his creative impulse. It is a state akin to the psychological attitude of worship, only in the case of the artist the object may be something which to his immediate-self is inferior, even distasteful or reprehensible. Ask any successful fiction writer and he will tell you that there have been many times in his life when he found himself embarrassed by such identifications of himself with people or situations of which he could not consciously approve, and which he could with difficulty explain to his friends and family.

An Irish friend once told me of going to see the poet Yeats and finding him facing the ocean with arms outstretched, and in a condition almost trancelike, from which my friend had difficulty in recalling him. The poet's only excuse, which was as adequate really as he felt it to be, was that he was "being the sea". A poet of Yeats's capacity must have succeeded many times in being much more than the sea.

Probably this capacity, which is possessed for a time by all children,

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is the source of that mimesis characteristic of primitive man, which Aristotle held to be the basis of poetic drama. I have suspected it of being the basis of all great enterprise, even that of becoming a millionaire.

There is no school in which this talent can be educated. As far as formal education goes, the tendency is to inhibit the talent for fear that its adventures may prove fatally upsetting, or that they may prove painful, or, at the least, incur the opprobrium of "queerness". It is difficult to be patient with the prevailing modern fear of pain, because pain is the best of evidence that the experience has bitten through the ego into the impersonal, subjective self, where it can be transmuted into the materials of literary art. Our painful experiences are generally the most informing, and while they need not be sought, they should never be deliberately avoided. Besides, a lot of pain that we suffer is merely the toxic effect of prejudices against particular types of personal adventure. Parents are apt to exceed their prerogative in selecting experience for us in advance, but the habit of abiding by selected experience must not become fixed in adult life. Where it seems advisable to avoid a particular experience on the ground that it may cost more than it is worth, one is safeguarded only by a clear intellectual realization of the worth of that experience in racial evolution. The more information we can have, gained either from books or by personal exchange, about the way other people have met salient experiences, the better terms we can make with our own.

As to the question that young people are always asking, of initiating experience on their own account, that is a matter of the interior drive. If you go sincerely about your business of discovering the truth of human behavior, you will find as much and possibly more experience than you can manage successfully, camping on your trail. There is, however, every sober reason to believe that the deep-self has perceptions of its ultimate performance far beyond the ken of the intelligence. Through these perceptions the deep-self often leads us into experiences the bearing of which upon our work is not made plain for years, as Joseph Conrad was drawn out of the Ukraine to become the novelist of the British Merchant Marine.

This intuition of the creative impulse operates against all prudential considerations, without any visible excuse, calling the artist to the place where the illuminating experience awaits him. In this fashion it called Stevenson, Henry James, Jack London — half your favorite authors in fact. The drive is so personal and so variously expressed that the only limitation we can put upon it seems to be its own nature. Never, I should say, undertake a serious experience on any other initiative. Neither intellectual curiosity nor sensuous lure can lead us to the truth behind human conduct which it is the business of the deep-self to discover.

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THE SKETCH BOOK

EPITAPHS

By Samuel Scoville, Jr.

"A BRIEF composition characterizing a deceased person", writes James A. H. Murray in his "New English Dictionary" which has taken since 1888 to reach "T". However defined, to me they are always interesting—those hints from the past, shadows of lost loves, sorrows stilled by the drifting years, faded silhouettes of long ago men and women hidden in the tangled grass of forgotten graveyards.

It was in Bethlehem, not of Judæa but of Connecticut, that I found, this last summer, one which still cries its love and grief across nearly a century and a half of years. The cemetery was on a high wind beaten ridge with a tiny river showing like a silver ribbon in the middle distance. The gate through which I entered had sagged open permanently. Passing through a company of weather beaten, moss covered stones I reached one far from the others, grey with lichens and just showing above the long grass. Pulling away the twining stems I traced out with difficulty the inscription with its "S's" all "F's" and the "C's" like ornamented "E's".

Sacred to the Memory of Mrs Lovicy Hull
departed this life 1 June 1776 AET 16

Though He slay me yet will I trust Him.

Sweet soul we leave thee to thy rest
Thy Saviour and thy God,
Till we from bands of clay released
Spring out and climb the shining road.
While the dear dust she leaves behind
Sleeps on thy bosom blessed tomb
Soft be her bed, her slumbers kind
And all her dreams, of joy to come.

As I read I felt the sorrow and the love and faith of that unknown writer shine up from the grass, undimmed by a hundred and fifty years.

Not all the epitaphs which I find in forgotten spots are on tombstones or over the graves of buried dead. On the silver grey bark of a smooth beech in the depths of a wood at old Radnor, whose roads were opened in 1690, I found beautifully carved the epitaph of a lost love done in the days when men took a certain mournful pride in a broken heart.

Forever is it fled
The beauty that once led
My soul to thee.

Ah never, never more
Shall life or death restore
Thy love to me.

There is another beech wood which I used to visit with a certain Robber Band of which in those roistering days I held the captaincy. The other officers consisted of First Lieutenant Trottie, Second Lieutenant Honey, Sergéant Henny Penny, and Corporal Alice Palace—there were no privates. When we first visited this wood the Band with one accord christened it the New Forest, where at any time one might expect to hear the hunting horn of Red William or the whiz of that fatal arrow of the unknown archer. The Band is long ago dissolved and its officers are following more peaceful pursuits at various worthy institutions of learning; but the names which they have given still hold, and sometimes the old captain revisits the scenes of former adventures and remembers half sorrowfully simpler and less

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sophisticated days when a campfire in the dusk of a winter evening was a great adventure. Even yet Romance has not entirely abandoned her old haunts. Last spring I explored an unvisited flank of the forest. There above black, scented branches of spice bush, brittle as glass, and covered with golden blossoms which come out before the leaves, towered a giant beech tree. On its farther side some forgotten lover had carved on the smooth bark a date, "May 1st, 1862", and below, showing plain in the bark after sixty years, the very reasonable request (considering the season), "Dorothy Downes, give me a kiss!" Perhaps Dorothy has lived through the Civil War and the Spanish War and the Great War and still remembers that tree and that May day and could tell us an she would whether— But for us passers by Romance sits mute and from that tree top looks down mischievous and unanswering.

My last adventure in epitaphs was again at Radnor, where a friend of mine owns a large forest in which orchids grow and rare birds nest. On that day we had just found a vermilion-red specimen of Indian pipe, a color sport which I had never seen before. Emerging from the woods I caught sight of a tiny graveyard whose stones were for the most part smaller even than those short ones which mark where lie the friendly dead in a Quaker burying ground. Climbing an iron fence I found myself in the midst of a dogs' graveyard. The first inscription I read was a frivolous one:

SNOOKIE MIDDENDORF
aged 15 years

Our darling pet,
We'll never forget
She was sweeter than all
The candy she et (ate).

Beyond that stone was a mass of carved granite of which any human might be proud, with the following really fine verse on its costly side:

In grateful memory of Jimmy MacCoy
1907-1916
He had outlived his life but not his love.

Next came one inscribed:

Nip Williams, a fox-terrier
age 4 years 2 months
"Not slothful in business."

The last was either astonishing or very natural, depending on how much of an abiding love one has for dogs. It read:

In the hope of a blessed immortality
PRINCE
dearly beloved and faithful friend
March 19, 1908.

My last and best epitaph of the summer I saw cut on a mass of granite at Swiftwater on the summit of Mount Pocono in memory of the mountain dead who fell in the Great War:

These men of the Swiftwater Valley put their country's need above opportunities of ease and profit and gain and served with its armed force in the World War.

These mountains and the folk who find peace among them shall hold them in grateful remembrance.

MARK TWAIN IN THE ADIRONDACKS

By Walter H. Larom

MARK TWAIN once spent a summer in a modest bungalow on the shores of an Adirondack lake. During that brief sojourn an entertainment was planned in a neighboring village for the benefit of the public library, and the managers of the affair, realizing the immense advan-

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tage of "featuring" the famous author as an attraction, by some process of elimination picked me to call on him and ask him to make a short address. It occurred to me that if I, a perfect stranger, attempted to approach him by the way of his front door I might meet with a rebuff (not on the part of Mark Twain himself—he would be too genial and kindly and democratic for that—but on the part of some domestic or jealous friend). So I resorted to strategy and decided to make my attack by water. Boarding my canoe, I paddled across the lake and took the friendly enemy in the rear as it were.

Mr. Clemens's bungalow was on the very edge of the water. He said of it in a letter to his friend, the Reverend Dr. Twitchell: "I am on the front porch (lower one main-deck) of our little bijou of a dwelling-house. The Lake edge (Lower Saranac) is so nearly under me that I can't see the shore, but only the water."*

I caught him sitting on this overhanging porch, dressed in the traditional white, and crowned with white hair. In spite of some misgiving on my part he received me most graciously and, without waiting for me to explain the object of my visit, broke into a torrent of appreciation of the beauty of the lake and the mountains, the lights and shadows, and the wonderful life-giving air of the Adirondacks. When at last I found an opportunity of presenting my plea, he replied with great emphasis, "No! No!! No!!! I hate the platform; it scares me. I know it might do good. It might do good to cut off my head, but I would rather do good some other way."

I wish I could remember more of the many things he said in that brief interview. I can however recall accurately only his parting words. He was interested apparently in my description of the many canoe trips it was possible to make (with short portages) over hundreds of miles of Adirondack lakes and rivers, and wished that some day he might have an opportunity of making one such trip himself. When I reluctantly took my leave, he accompanied me to the end of the little private pier where I had left my canoe in charge of a companion. As we started to paddle away he said, "I see you do all the work in the bow and the stern; well if I were going along I'd take the middle seat."

Mrs. George V. W. Duryee, widow of the man who did more than any one other toward the establishment of a free library in Saranac Lake, has very kindly placed at my disposal two letters from Mark Twain.

New York, *June* 14th, 1901.

DEAR SIR:

To my astonishment I find that most people never heard of a Thaget, therefore the joke of giving the house that name would not be successful. Therefore we have substituted for it The Lair. Everybody knows what a lair is, and it is a good and unworn name. Lairs do generally contain dangerous animals, but I bring tame ones to this one.

Over on the other side of the river, opposite the Riverside Inn I saw an old-fashioned yawl, a perfectly safe boat and not upsettable in any ordinary seas. If that boat is to be had, I shall be glad to rent it when we come.

Very Truly Yours,
S. L. CLEMENS,
per F. A. R.

MR. GEO. V. W. DURYEE.

There is a story somewhere of a village tradesman sending a package, or a communication of some kind, addressed to

*Mark Twain, A Biography. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Vol. 3, p. 1135.

†Mrs. Duryee has expressed doubt as to whether *Thage* is correct; the word is almost undecipherable in the original letter.

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Mr. S. L. Clemens,
The Liar,
Lower Saranac Lake.

We can easily imagine Mark Twain's glee upon the reception of a missive of this kind.

As to his delight in the Adirondacks—

The Lair, *Sep.* 19/01.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. DURYEE—

Hail and farewell!

It has been Paradise to us all Summer. One doesn't need to go to the Swiss Lakes to find that condition.

I am sorry I did not get out there again to see you, but I was the slave of opportunity (to work) and could not.

With kindest regards from us-all to you-all.

Sincerely Yours
S. L. CLEMENS.

This section of New York's northern wilderness has known and harbored many authors, the most prominent being Mark Twain and Robert Louis Stevenson. It is interesting and perplexing to note the difference in the results of the visits of these widely divergent writers. Stevenson was here in the winter and hated it; Mark Twain was here in the summer and loved it. Stevenson was oblivious, apparently, to the beauty and grandeur of the mountains, loathed the climate, damned the cold, and did not get on too well with the inhabitants. Mark Twain was enthusiastic in his admiration of the natural beauty of the region, praised the purity and invigorating quality of the air, and was affable with all men. Yet Stevenson's sojourn is remembered and acclaimed, while Mark Twain's visit is almost forgotten. Stevenson's abode is preserved and revered. A local Stevenson Society has been organized, and the little farmhouse in which he spent an unhappy winter is fast becoming a Mecca for Stevensonian enthusiasts and a museum of Stevensonian relics. The place where Mark Twain lived is unhonored and unsung, and is simply known as the Mark Twain cottage. Stevenson was a foreigner, Mark Twain a hundred per cent American; and Saranac Lake is not an ordinary country village, but a veritable little Cosmopolis made up of all sorts, classes, and conditions of people from all parts of the world.

THE CHESTERTON-DRINKWATER-LEWIS AFFAIR

By Earl E. Fisk

With a Caricature by Gene Markey

WHEN I am in the city of Chicago I usually hie my steps as soon as possible to the book rooms of Walter M. Hill. On February 23, 1921, I was in Chicago and at ten thirty in the morning was in the Marshall Field building taking an elevator for the eighth floor to the rooms where Walter Hill displays his wares. Back in the private office in which Walter keeps his most choice editions and association copies, I started looking over some of the presentation copies of the eighteenth century English writers.

There was a book which I immediately decided I must have, a first edition of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's "The School for Scandal". On the flyleaf was this inscription: "To Mrs. Siddons, with the best wishes of the author, December 25th, 1777." The book was filled with marginalia in the hand of Mrs. Siddons, including many enlightening notes on her interpretation of the character of Lady Teazle. I was just settling down to a thorough enjoyment of these notes when a good looking man in a dark suit, with a

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Chesterton *Drinkwater* *Lewis* *Fisk*

stand up collar and black bow tie, came up beside me and began to scan the shelf at which I had just been busy. He was an urbane sort of fellow and we were soon absorbed in conversation regarding the "points" of the first editions of Sheridan.

Walter Hill came over and introduced the urbane gentleman. It was John Drinkwater. He is an ardent book hound with an unusual ability to nose out the particular items which he desires. At the moment he was especially interested in association copies of Sheridan. It seems that he was contemplating writing a play with Sheridan as the central figure and was as anxious to own that Siddons copy of "The School for Scandal" as I was. Just as we were becoming deeply engaged in an argument over the relative merits of the actors of the late eighteenth century, we were interrupted by Walter, who came back with a man whom he introduced to us as Sinclair Lewis.

It was eleven thirty to the dot when we heard a booming voice outside asking if there were any presentation copies of Dickens to be had. The owner of the voice was ushered in. He was a large man, to be described only by the adjective *fat*. Thick mop of hair. Baggy striped trousers, morning coat and white vest. It was Gilbert K. Chesterton.

With this assemblage in his office, Walter Hill drew up chairs and we all sat down for a chat. The conversation turned to autographs and presentation copies. Lewis said that he had received floods of letters from people in the small towns throughout the middle west taking him to task for stating that "Main Street" is typical of all American towns; but that comparatively few were anxious for his autographed copies. John Drinkwater

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said that he had autographed countless copies of his "Abraham Lincoln". Never went any place in America that he hadn't been asked to put his signature on something. G. K. C. stated that he had not kept actual count but that he was sure he had autographed more than six thousand books, pictures, postcards, menus, etc. Said his manager had to fight people off for him.

John Drinkwater showed the Siddons copy of "The School for Scandal" to Chesterton. Whereupon I was struck with the idea of a play written in collaboration by the three, Drinkwater, Lewis, and Chesterton. The idea was received with delight. Walter Hill suggested that we all remain for luncheon and complete plans for the writing of the play. He would have a lunch sent up from the Marshall Field tea rooms on the floor below. Upon his saying that he had something rare in his safe besides books, Chesterton decided to stay, and the rest of us promptly followed suit.

Sinclair Lewis named the play "Marry the Queen of Scotch". Walter Hill suggested that Chesterton write the first act, John Drinkwater the second, and Sinclair Lewis the third. I was to do the preface and he to publish it. This was agreed to. The scene of the first act would be laid in Paris, the second in London, and the third in America.

Chesterton said that as he was to write the first act he would make it a detective play centred about a mysterious murder. "There is nothing like a nice murder", he said, "to get real human interest into the play. I will make up a good one, turn it over to Drinkwater to carry on. He can deepen the mystery and leave it to Lewis to arrive at the solution and to put on the happy ending." The happy ending was definitely decided upon.

As for the plot: The hero of the play is the son of a wealthy English whisky manufacturer and the heroine the daughter of an American ex-distiller from Peoria, Illinois, the scene of the last act. An American Prohibitionist of international reputation is found dead in his hotel room in Paris. He has been hit on the head by a quart bottle—the broken bottle is found beside his body. In an adjacent room is the heroine; on the other side is the room of the hero. Suspicion naturally turns toward them.

Further developments of the plot were left to the ingenuity of the authors. From the ideas that each of them gave on this occasion it is bound to be a thriller. It will be full of wit and epigram, with a plot as deep and mystifying as any of Sax Rohmer's and a dialogue as scintillating as the best of Oscar Wilde or Bernard Shaw.

The play will be printed on hand made, deckle edged paper, uncut, and bound in vellum with a leather label, the title stamped in gold. Each copy will be numbered and signed by all five of the collaborators. The edition will be limited to one hundred and fifty copies and the type distributed. Only one hundred copies will be for sale, ten copies being withheld for presentation purposes by each of the five collaborators.

In my excitement and interest in "Marry the Queen of Scotch" I found myself back in my hotel before I realized that I had forgotten to get the Siddons copy of "The School for Scandal". I hurried back to Hill's and asked for it. Walter had gone out but his assistant informed me, "I am very sorry, Mr. Fisk, but we have just sold the book. Mr. Drinkwater came in and got it five minutes ago."

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MR. DICKENS'S "A TALE OF TWO CITIES"

By Burton Rascoe

Mr. Rascoe's article is the first of a series in which various of our younger critics will attempt to express the reactions which well known books of an earlier generation would arouse in them, were those classics newly published today.

IT is much too late to hope that Mr. Dickens will ever master the simple technicalities of his craft. With each new novel he gives us additional reasons for despairing of his learning how to construct a decent plot, how to preserve a unified effect, or how to maintain an intelligent sort of artistic restraint. He writes not only as though Turgenev and Flaubert had never existed, but as though he had never heard of Defoe, Sterne, or Fielding. His books are amorphous and overcrowded — veritable ragbags of journalism, jokes, and bathos, into which are slipped with a baffling kind of legerdemain the magnificent simulacra of the human world of love and hatred, greed and self sacrifice, chicanery and benevolence, heroism, sloth, vanity, nobility, joy and sorrow. It seems that we must take or leave him; and if we leave him it must be with a wistful regret; for, if he reminds us too often of Harold Bell Wright, it must be remembered that he also reminds us now and then of Homer.

Except in its extravagant sentiment, this new novel is unlike anything he has hitherto done, either in subject or in manner. It is his second and perhaps his worst attempt to project his imagination into the past. Heretofore he has drawn his inimitable types from the people of his own time and place. One has the feeling that Mr. Dickens has just read Mr. Carlyle's "French Revolution" and, having had his heart and not his intellect touched by that tumultuous and vivid history, has resolved to put some Dickens characters into that convulsive milieu and see what he could make of the situation. His whole contribution to the literature of the Terror centres upon one impressive device of dramatic suspense—that of repetitious references to the ominous, incessant knitting of the *citoyennes*. And yet this ingenious trick (for it is no more than a trick) contrives to give the reader the *feel* of that tremendous accumulation of hatred and revengefulness bred under oppression which steeled characters to desperate remedies and burst forth finally into the reign of blood which swept the old régime out of France forever. Where Mr. Carlyle has glamourously dramatized the Revolution as an heroic spectacle, Mr. Dickens has humanized it, by focusing his interest upon the common people. In this entire book he has created but two authentic human beings, Madame Defarge and Citizen Defarge, and Madame Defarge is, in her character, the embodiment of all that is direct, purposeful, merciless and vindictive in women of her class; Citizen Defarge is all that is compromising, evasive, tolerant and ineffective in men of his class.

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The story proper is the worst sort of literary shoddy, a melodrama so unconvincing that only children or weepy sentimentalists could be induced to believe in it for a moment. The reason is obvious: Mr. Dickens has failed utterly to give any cogent reasons why anyone would sacrifice his life to ensure the happiness of the nominal heroine. Lucie Manette is an impossible priss, simpering, shallow, and self righteous. That a man of the refined sensibilities and shrewd, sensitive intelligence Sydney Carton is established as being should listen to her goo about redeeming him, influencing him along the right way, and exercising a power for good over him and, having listened, go away with such love in his heart that years later he is to prove it by dying for it, is really a bit too thick for Mr. Dickens to ask us to swallow. It is true that Carton is depicted as a dipsomaniac who has not made the best use of his talents; but he is also depicted as a man so far above the level of his surroundings in the matters of honesty, decency, and native shrewdness of mind that it is impossible to believe that he was not aware of his superiority. If Mr. Dickens had indicated that Carton's extraordinary protestation of self abasing devotion to Lucie was delivered when he was far gone in his cups, then we might have looked upon the episode as a sardonically realistic depiction of what a sentimental ass a man can be about a woman he wants when he doesn't know quite what he is saying or doing. But Carton is, during this scene, cold sober and his love making partakes of a quality of whining that is entirely out of character with the cynical, bitter, hard sort of person he is established as being.

The story is so long getting under way that one has the feeling that Mr. Dickens could not make up his mind how to commence it. It has no less than five actual beginnings and these beginnings are so badly correlated that one suspects Mr. Dickens wrote the story under magazine serial order and sent off each of the earlier chapters as fast as he wrote it, and with only a hazy idea about what they severally contained. The story proper does not begin until Chapter X, Book II, that is to say at about the middle of the novel as it is written. All the preliminaries, detailed in the first ten chapters, might have been disposed of with greater effect by a master of artistic economy in less than two pages. None the less, there are isolated passages in these first ten chapters which, though they have little to do with the story, show Mr. Dickens at his very best advantage as a descriptive writer, fruitful in images, with a swift and serviceable imagination, and an acid incisiveness. I have reference particularly to the description of Tellson's Bank, wherein Mr. Dickens forgets to imitate the fine writing of others and lets himself go with the great gusto of his irresistible, true humor, a humor that is all the more effective for being a bit malicious, with the malice inspired by a burning sense of justice. Tellson's mortuary interior, with its dismal labyrinth of "wormy old wooden drawers, particles of which flew up your nose and down your throat when they opened and shut", where "your banknotes had a musty odour, as if they were fast decomposing into rags again" and where "your plate was stowed away among the neighboring cesspools, and evil communications corrupted its good polish in a day or two" — this ancient and honorable monument to the efficacy of material

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wealth becomes slowly under Mr. Dickens's hand a place first to smile at amusedly, then to smile at grimly.

> Cramped in all kinds of dim cupboards and hutches at Tellson's, the oldest men carried on the business gravely. When they took a young man into Tellson's London house, they hid him somewhere till he was old. They kept him in a dark place, like a cheese, until he had the full Tellson flavour and blue-mould upon him.

Such passages as these make us wonder how on earth Mr. Dickens could ever write the wax flower sort of English he manufactures with such painful labor in the opening chapter (and in some later chapters) of the book—English of pseudo-poetic inversions and contortions, bombastic and bathetic English.

Some of Mr. Dickens's narrative devices are so painfully crude that we must attribute them either to careless haste or to sheer inability to resolve a problem artistically. He wishes at one point, for instance, to indicate that in the London of the period of which he is writing, punishment by death was the monotonous way of dealing with an infinite variety of crimes and peccadilloes, and that to avoid this monotony a condemned man was sometimes drawn and quartered. Mr. Dickens is not sure that the intelligence of his readers will comprehend the degree of cruelty indicated by these terms. And so he depicts a man going up to Old Bailey and inquiring what is on for the day.

> "Nothing yet."
> "What's coming on?"
> "The Treason case."
> "The quartering one, eh?"
> "Ah!" returned the man, with a relish; "he'll be drawn on a hurdle to be half hanged, and then he'll be taken down and sliced before his own face, and then his insides will be taken out and burnt while he looks on, and then his head will be chopped off, and he'll be cut into quarters. That's the sentence."

This elaborate description of the process of drawing and quartering a condemned man—a process so familiar to the doorkeeper that he would no more be impelled to describe it unasked than he would be impelled to describe his doorstep—is a shifty evasion which makes the whole scene unreal.

Mr. Dickens's worst fault, exaggeration, is shown working at full force when he attempts to postulate the villain of the piece. The villain he describes, moreover, is not meant to be a special villain, but a collective villain—a heartless aristocrat, arrogant, disdainful, powdered, jeweled, riding in a splendiferous carriage with an equipage in lace and cloth of gold, crushing the lives of the proletarian babies with a degree of heartlessness and hauteur alien to any human being. The dialogue between this villainous marquis and his high minded nephew is laughable in the extreme, so much out of stock company melodrama is it. I forbear even to reproduce it, knowing that among many of Mr. Dickens's admirers (of whom I am one) such an exposure would be cause for embarrassment and grief.

The story, in brief, is this: Under the barbarous laws enacted by the Louis in France to bolster up the tottering socio-political economic organization which supported a spendthrift and corrupt leisure class at the expense of horrible suffering among the workers, one Dr. Manette has been sentenced unjustly to so long a term of solitary confinement in the Bastile that when he is released to the care of his daughter Lucie, he is a long time regaining his reason. He is being restored to health and prosperity in England at the same time that the noble nephew of a marquis, scenting trouble in the air, renounces his title

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and his rights and settles in England under the name of Charles Darnay, teacher of French language and literature.

This Charles Darnay, a titular marquis, becomes one of the three suitors for the hand of Lucie Manette. Lucie favors Charles, against the devoted dipsomaniac Sydney Carton and against Carton's mental parasite, Mr. Stryver, a shyster lawyer with the skin of a rhinoceros who is retained by the Manettes. Darnay and Lucie are finally married, although on the marriage day Lucie's papa loses his mind again when Darnay whispers to him a dreadful secret. Mr. Dickens thinks at this point that he is keeping his reader in suspense as to the nature of the information which has set Dr. Manette off again; but anyone with half a brain knows that what Darnay has told him is that his real name is not Darnay at all, that he is a French marquis, and that he is the heir of the infamous marquis who represents all that is vile in the old régime. The fact that Darnay has renounced his title and his property does not save the Bastile prisoner from mental eclipse, occasioned by this announcement.

Darnay is recalled to France by the urgent letter of a friend who is in distress; and he is arrested on the frontier. Dr. Manette's influence with the proletarians, due to his fame as a Bastile prisoner, saves Darnay once; but it is quite necessary, if Mr. Dickens's story is to go on, that he be taken prisoner again; and so he is taken prisoner again. He is tried, condemned, and sentenced to increase the libations (as Mr. Dickens puts it) of La Guillotine. It is at this juncture that Sydney Carton, who has somehow got to Paris also, remembers his vow that if he can ever be of any service to Lucie Manette (once she has turned him down) he will be Johnny-on-the-spot. Darnay's head is to be severed very neatly within a few hours by the sinister knife which is rapidly reducing the aristocratic population of France. Darnay and Carton are as like as two peas in appearance (Mr. Dickens has managed this early enough not to surprise you). What more likely (or more noble) then, than that Carton should get into Darnay's cell, etherize him, change clothes with him, send his insensate body back to Lucie, and die under the guillotine in Darnay's stead? This he does, with concluding words which, perhaps, generations of readers will memorize: "It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."

This is magniloquent, but is it art?

MAGAZINE ANTHOLOGY

By Keith Preston

FOUR and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie:
Four and twenty mag bards bunched to make a buy.
When the book is opened the bards begin to swell
But only one or two of 'em have anything to tell.

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THE LONDONER

The Newspaper Deal---Reviews---Ford Madox Ford's New Venture---St. John Ervine---Sheridan Le Fanu---President Masaryk.

LONDON, *December* 1, 1923.

THE biggest noise recently in the London world of letters has been the deal in the Hulton newspapers. This deal gives Lord Rothermere control of a number of newspapers which, whatever their respective merits, usually were in opposition to the Rothermere views as expounded in the "Evening News" and the "Daily Mail". They were not always saying, that is, "Hats off to France!" The seriousness of the whole operation is very grave. It lies not only in the danger of the possession by one man, and a syndicate under his control, of so many elaborately partizan journals; for that would be grave enough if the owner were completely altruistic. It lies even more in the known views of Lord Rothermere, which are dictatorial rather than profound. Moreover, the Harmsworth idea of daily newspaper journalism has always been one which is a singular menace to wisdom in the multitude. It relies upon an opulent news service, much better, on the whole, than that of other newspapers; and such crude, stupid editorial policy that demi-semi-educated people give great roars of delight at finding their own stupidities voiced and justified with convincing asseveration. The power of the printed word remains extraordinary among ignorant people. It reenforces their ignorance at every turn, and converts it into a positive, active force. And the success of the Harmsworth press has always been that, in conjunction with its superior news service, it has carried the influence of catch phrases and catch thoughts to the extremest point which they have as yet attained in this country. Another factor is that the Harmsworth papers have always had the best distribution service. The firm, which in that respect owes so much to Lord Rothermere, has been run upon the lines of successful business. One knows, therefore, that the Hulton papers will be circulated with even more than the efficiency heretofore displayed; and one is faced with the consciousness that where there were until recently three or four voices dictating the policy of popular papers there will in future be one voice the fewer. It is a pity. But not all the wails of the liberal journalists in England will affect the matter by a hair's breadth.

One interesting item in the announcement is the 51% interest acquired by Lord Beaverbrook in the "Evening Standard". It is said that Lord Rothermere is to have 49% and Lord Beaverbrook 51%. Since the first announcement of the deal, the death of the "Pall Mall Gazette" has been decreed and the owner of the "Pall Mall Gazette", Sir John Leigh, is stated to have purchased an interest in the "Evening Standard". Lord Rothermere, likewise, is stated to have an interest in Lord Beaverbrook's "Daily Express" and "Sunday

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Express". I do not know if the latter item is true, but considering the arrangement over the "Evening Standard" it appears quite likely. There will now be only three evening papers in London— the "Evening News" (a Rothermere organ), the "Evening Standard" (a Beaverbrook-Rothermere organ), and the "Star", which remains the liveliest and wittiest of all the London journals. And a very few years ago there were nine London evening papers. I can remember the "Echo", the "Sun", the "St. James's Gazette", the "Globe". In addition, we have had until recently the "Westminster Gazette" (now converted into a daily morning journal), and the "Pall Mall Gazette". I may be wrong in thinking that the old papers had much to recommend them—one is always liable to exaggerate the excellence of the old, as classical scholars appear to do—but at least it used to be possible to remember from one day's end to another what was in the papers. This is quite out of the question nowadays. Day follows day, and the news and the leaders and the literary contributions are all affected with the same blight. They do not impress their importance upon readers, and they have become brighter and snappier to their own detriment. So, at least, it seems to me, and I feel like an old man at the contemplation of this melancholy belief. It is quite true that I never read the old "Westminster Gazette", because its news service was always inferior to that of its contemporaries; I never knew the "Pall Mall Gazette" in its palmy days, when it was run by all the young brilliants of the period; my love of the "St. James's Gazette" is due very largely to the fact that it was a pretty size—rather wider, I should say, than the "Times Literary Supplement", or perhaps only a couple of inches shorter. It was in the "St. James's Gazette", I fancy, that Sir James Barrie's essays, subsequently entitled "My Lady Nicotine", made their first appearance. The "Globe" I never saw —at least, never read—but its air of antique and rosy dignity made it attractive to the eye. And so it may be said that I cannot possibly miss these more ancient papers very severely. Ah, but that is where my critics would be wrong. I miss them, because it seems to me that these papers are what I should like to be able to read now. And merely upon one side alone I think the current evening papers must be inferior to their older brethren—that of literary criticism. Nowadays it is the news editor who manages the whole paper. News and advertisements are the life's blood of the evening paper. Ask any man who writes for one of them, and you will hear the same wretched tale. He cannot get space for books. Books are not considered good "news". What a tyranny it is! A good book should be the best of news. And yet the "Westminster Gazette" was the last of the evening journals to make any sort of show of new books. It was the only evening paper which had any serious pretensions to "culture", and of course, incidentally, to publishers' advertisements in numbers. The rates of the new order of evening papers are too high to be possible for publishers. And so there are no long and authoritative reviews in the daily press. There are no literary articles. Those who would write them are reduced to recording gossip and to the merest mention of the books which Mr. News Editor thinks his miserably ill educated readers will expect to hear about. Thus a premium is put upon sensational books, on scandalous

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chronicles, on the ephemeral stream "constantly poured forth from the press". It is to be regretted. Even the "Westminster Gazette" was not ideal in its arrangements, for its reviews were always too slow to be of any use in attracting early attention to something worthwhile; but at least it made the attempt, and it did its utmost to preserve some sort of standards in its literary judgments.

* * * *

This question of prompt reviewing is one of the most singular of all those which affect the book trade. It is not, of course, by any means the most serious aspect of the recent death of the "Pall Mall Gazette", which had not latterly been noted for very good book reviewing, or of the more remote deaths of the earlier and more literary evening papers. It is a matter which has been suggested to me, however, by my regrets for the past. Will it be believed that some English critical journals will publish criticisms of books years after those books have been forgotten? "The Nation" was once two years behindhand. I have known even the "Times Literary Supplement" to be several months late. And yet for the author a quick review is worth more than all the praise in the world. If he can get a number of reviews, good, bad, and indifferent, within a week of the publication of his book, the book itself stands some chance of being read and remembered for perhaps three months after publication. Otherwise, unless he has reached the point of having a public of his own which will read all he writes, his book may fall unnoticed from the publisher's list. How many books do so fall! For some reason the "Times Literary Supplement" has ceased to aim at promptness. It now occasionally does not even acknowledge books which are sent to it for review. It does not review as promptly as it used to. It does not do all sorts of things which we had come to expect of it. The old "Weekly Westminster", which used to give long and portentous reviews to all sorts of books, was invariably late. It took three weeks for an established novelist to get noticed in its columns. In this case, I fancy, the mistake may have been that the reviews were overlong, and took up too much space. Fiction has for years been promptly treated in "The New Statesman", but it has been most amusingly treated in "The Nation", being kept over for months and then discovered week after week until all readers were tired of the name of the new discovery. In both these papers the reviews of books other than fiction are very slow. "The Spectator" has a more respectable speed. Most of the principal provincial newspapers are more prompt: the worst of them are altogether too prompt, at the expense of value. In all these papers that I have mentioned the standard of reviewing is moderately high, as it is in the only two Sunday papers to which people go for book notices. But it is only *moderately* high. Reviews are generally written by very old men or by very young men, or by women. If the writers are old men, they are often truckling and overgenerous. If old women, they are always dreadful. If the reviews are by young men and women, they are more often than not written to display more the cleverness of the writer of the review than the character of the book which is being reviewed. In my opinion a good evening paper, with reviews written by intelligent, and not too conceited young men, with an adequate news service and distribution (the distribution of the "Westminster Gazette" was never

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good, and the paper circulated little or not at all outside Central London), and with independent politics, more to the left than to the right, but not necessarily Labor, with reasonable rates for advertisements, would have some chance of a circulation. Presumably this is not a proposition which would attract capitalists of the Beaverbrook-Rothermere order, but I am inclined to think that it is the only type of paper which we now want. In most other lines we are catered for over and over again. Not here. But for my own satisfaction the paper would have to be the size of the old "St. James's Gazette", and its literary contents would have to be above suspicion, not only as to candor but as to quality. And if to quality could be added promptitude, then I could imagine the paper indispensable.

* * * *

Talking about old and new periodicals reminds me of the days when "The English Review" was the marvel of all beholders. I do not know if it was a profitable thing for its owner or owners; but it was certainly a periodical which showed that an editor could make a paper or a review good or bad. Ford Madox Hueffer (now Ford Madox Ford) was and is an extremely exasperating man. He can write most careless large hawhaw stuff about literature, and allow it to be published without ever troubling to read the proofs, which no doubt his publishers assiduously send him. He seems to me to be very often wrong in his judgments—he does not care, for example, for the work of Dostoyevsky, and charges him with slovenliness, which is Satan rebuking sin—but he is the best editor who has functioned within my memory. Under his control, "The English Review" published more good and original matter than any other periodical of the day. It was really distinguished. Hueffer dared to run "The New Machiavelli" as a serial. He published Arnold Bennett's one recorded poem. He introduced H. M. Tomlinson to the world of letters. Above all, he introduced a style of æsthetic criticism into current literature which otherwise was to be studied only in the causeries which Arnold Bennett was at that time contributing to "The New Age". It was a species of craftsman criticism, but its chief feature was that it went to the point, and had the courage to praise in the right terms what was the best work of its period. By the right terms I mean those of art. The whole spirit of "The English Review" was good, though of course it was not always as good as all that. All the more reason, it seems to me, to rejoice that Ford Madox Ford (who was once Ford Madox Hueffer) is starting a new review at the beginning of 1924. I await its appearance with anxiety. I shall hope to read in it month by month that new literature for which there is so much room, and of which we have at present so small a variety. One thing I am sure, and that is that Ford Madox Ford will be able to tell the difference between what is creative literature and what is merely decorative or parasitic. And another, that he will have something stimulating and constructive to say upon his own account in the surveys of literature which he will doubtless from time to time contribute to the new venture.

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St. John Ervine has just relinquished the post of dramatic critic to the "Observer", and is to travel about the world for a space. He begins his travels by going up to Liver-

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pool, there to deliver a course of lectures on the drama in succession to Granville-Barker. Later, Ervine goes lecturing to Holland and Scandinavia. He will arrive in due course in the United States, but not yet awhile. His new play, "The Lady of Belmont", a sequel to "The Merchant of Venice", is on the point of publication, and I understand that he will follow up his very successful book of "Impressions of My Elders" with a companion volume of "Impressions of My Contemporaries". A third volume, if it should ever come to that, would be very stimulating. Only I doubt whether, at present, Mr. Ervine's juniors would quite make a volume. He has made some progress upon a new novel, which will be published later on. But of course the tour is the main thing at present. It is not sufficiently recognized by those who read, how exacting is the work of a dramatic critic. He is in the theatre night after night; he is compelled to be in the theatre, at times, during the afternoons and upon Sunday evenings; he is writing about the theatre, lecturing about the theatre, talking about the theatre, all day long, from morning till night. He is never free of the theatre. He cannot skip, as the novel reviewer can (and evidently does), because unless he has brought himself as William Archer is supposed to have done, to a high pitch of excellence in the art of waking up whenever anything of importance is to be done upon the stage, he dare not sleep or begin to compute the amount payable by himself to the tax gatherers. There are men who have been dramatic critics for many, many years. Mr. Archer is one of them. One shrinks at the mere thought of the number of bad plays which Mr. Archer must patiently have endured in his long theatrical life. E. A. Baughan is another; but I have less sympathy with Mr. Baughan, who evidently does not mind the bad plays, and chiefly resents the good ones. I once was a dramatic critic myself for a year, or it may have been two years. The experience was quite enough for me. To go night after night to plays that I did not want to see, and plays that I did not like, and plays that I did not understand anybody's liking or wishing to produce, was one of the most horrible penances I could imagine. I accordingly gave up being a dramatic critic. Mr. Ervine has given up being a dramatic critic. Everybody will be better off, except the readers of the "Observer". And even they will no doubt be consoled after a time by Mr. Ervine's successor, Hubert Griffith, who has been "understudying" Mr. Ervine on the "Observer" for some time, and who has been a dramatic critic to the "Daily Chronicle" as a principal for a slightly shorter period.

* * * *

One of the most remarkable features of this publishing season has been the revival of Sheridan Le Fanu. Le Fanu was a real Victorian. He published his first novel in 1845, and his last in 1880, when it had the melancholy accompaniment of a memoir of the author by A. P. Graves, the author of "Father O'Flynn". His greatest and best known book is unquestionably "In a Glass Darkly", which first appeared in 1872. Owing, apparently, to some one of those misfortunes which attend authors whose books are issued by a firm which ceases to exist, the work of Le Fanu has been difficult to obtain for some years. Now, simultaneously, we are presented with new editions of "In a Glass Darkly" and a collection of

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shorter mystery stories. The quality of these stories as "creepers" is guaranteed by the respective publishers, and the books will shortly be in process of reading by all who love to thrill to the nocturnally mysterious and horrific. Strange after all these years to find the loves of my earliest youth reappearing; stranger yet if we should find them at this time bearably exciting. Will they creak? I fear it. But I shall put them to the test, for the creepy story, like the mystery and detective story, if it be of any quality at all is a treasure of treasures. After all, the major works of Wilkie Collins, with all their faults, have merit; and so why should not these very celebrated works of Le Fanu? It was enterprising to reissue them, and the firms of Eveleigh Nash and George Bell and Sons are to be congratulated upon the deed.

* * * *

The visit to England of President Masaryk has been quite unlike the visit of any other distinguished foreign personality; for not only did President Masaryk, in the days before he was a president, spend some months of exile here, but he has always, to a remarkable degree, kept up a familiarity with English literature. He is a most conscientious reader, even of the works of minor novelists; and his taste is catholic. His familiarity with French and German and Russian literature, it may be added, is no less. He follows the work of all countries with delightful simplicity and appreciativeness. As a consequence his mind has a candor which is extraordinary. No wonder the Czechs, while deciding that no president of their country should hold office for longer than seven years, made an exception in the case of President Masaryk, who is to remain at his post for the rest of his life. It is a sufficient testimony to his character. In person the President gives the impression of being rather tall and rather thin. He has a fine head, long and high from the face. A longish white mustache and thin, slight beard do not conceal a wide mouth and long teeth which show broadly when he smiles. To the person whom he addresses, or who is addressing him, President Masaryk offers a direct glance, very calm and observant: he is following, even in a tongue that is not his own, every change of modulation and significance. His own English speech, slow but never painful, and always exact, is accompanied by equally slow, extended gesture. There is perhaps little warmth in his manner, but there is much cordiality, great courtesy. And above every other impression that he gives the onlooker is that of extreme intelligence. It seemed to me that he was less a man of striking personal originality than of unsurpassed intelligence; but I may have been wrong. One can only gather from a single contact the most superficial view. Nevertheless I must own to having been greatly struck by President Masaryk's bearing. He seemed to me to have the air of a scholar, a little bleached by study and the contemplation of intellectual problems; but not therefore a man of weakness or inaction. On the contrary. And he was remarkably aware of the power of different political sections in different European countries. He spoke of Russia, Germany, Austria; of the small nations; of English books and writers — always quietly, but as if he had knowledge. His views, that is, were not merely views but were based upon his own observation. After all, a man who

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has spent months in England in the observation of actual life as well as of political theory; who was in Russia for months during the Bolshevik régime; who has been a poor scholar, a learner in every school; has written and lectured upon every subject, from hypnotism to history, and politics to psychology; and who is now the head of a State which has dealt successfully and in unprecedented ways with desperate political and economic problems during the first five years of its separate existence, has had a fairly distinguished experience. He could not be an ordinary man. Nor is he an ordinary man. One has no smallest sense that his personal approach —however cordial to the nonentity— is insincere, because he has no need to be insincere. His knowledge, his memory, his clear intelligence, all make him naturally agreeable. The lack of emphasis in his conversation shows the measure of his mind. He is modest, and his understanding is remarkable—that is the secret of his charm. Impossible to be otherwise than at ease with him. Yet I think he is probably one of the greatest men of our time. Nor does his bearing in any way contradict this assumption. It is of a piece with the character I have tried to sketch. To see him, as I did, in the company of three of the most brilliant intelligences in England, was one of the most memorable things I have ever experienced.

President Masaryk was in England four or five days. During that time he covered as much ground and met as many people as any man could do. Never once did he give the smallest sign of being hurried or preoccupied. To each task he brought the same lucidity and courtesy. What a model for some of our smaller great men! I could not help contrasting his behavior with that of some others I have met, who unite with moderate gifts and worldly success a personal self esteem and an egregious discourtesy to others which is humiliating to all who contemplate it.

SIMON PURE

GOLDEN ERA

By John McClure

THE sots that wrote the ancient books
Put grandeur in their pentateuchs.

Those greyheads, who were young as we,
Yet labored with austerity.

Our theorems are subtle—quite.
But God! The shoddy stuff we write

Who slather words across the page
And call it an Augustan age.

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

XXVI: FANNIE HURST

With a Caricature by William Gropper

I REMEMBER very well an April day some six years ago, when I was coming slowly home from the village post office with the morning's mail in my pocket, and an open magazine in my hand. The world was ringing with shouts for battle, on every corner men were gesticulating and arguing. The United States had at last been stung to action—we were going to war.

But I was utterly indifferent. The interest aroused in me by the black, four inch type headline in the morning paper had evaporated; for the moment it mattered not to me whether the French capitulated, the Germans triumphed, or the United States entered the fray. I was reading "Sob Sister", by Fannie Hurst. I was absorbed, thrilled, fascinated by this living, breathing, throbbing glimpse of an older war—the war that is as old as Eve's oldest daughter.

The position of Fannie Hurst in the world of letters cannot be properly estimated without taking into account this truly remarkable short story. It is as daring a literary achievement as we have in the language; perfect portraiture, a superb example of the art of writing and the conquest of a field almost untouched by English and American authors. That it came from the hand of a woman, and an extremely young woman, makes it all the more astonishing; but "Sob Sister" is an astonishing story on all counts.

I am often reminded, in beginning one of Fannie Hurst's short stories, of the pitcher in a baseball game, who winds himself up into various contortions and bowknots before he lets fly the ball. Miss Hurst does something of the sort, almost invariably prefacing her tales with an involved sentence or two full of mouth filling and eye filling words, as if winding up for the start.

Unlike the pitcher, whose delivery is uncertain, this particular writer almost inevitably delivers a strike. Out of the sixty or seventy short stories which constitute the most important part of her work to date, it would be hard to select five that are not notable, unusual, and stamped with the peculiarity and passion of her genius.

Fannie Hurst has many idiosyncrasies as a writer; I cannot call to mind any great writer who has more. Besides this somewhat stilted and artificial commencement, she likes to use outlandish words throughout all her stories, words harsh and guttural, filled with consonants. She is not an easy, a lucid and graceful writer. Quite the opposite, her style is involved, ponderous, awkward. But back of it is a marvelous knowledge of human nature, a marvelous feeling for the exact and subtle values of words—perhaps no other writer today can use a single word, or a brief phrase, with the stunning force and power she displays. It is exactly here that her genius lies.

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Fannie Hurst

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For there can be no question that Fannie Hurst is a genius. Whatever her method of approach, whatever her medium, her attack is sure. The tears blur one's eyes, a salty thickness catches one's throat, and one looks about furtively, laughing shamefacedly —it is only a story, after all! There isn't really a Ghetto mother trying, so clumsily, so pathetically, to keep her boy safely home on Sunday night; there isn't really a man's outworn mistress struggling to hold him with freshly broiled steaks and baby talk—there is only Fannie Hurst!

Fannie Hurst, who wrote "Humoresque", and "Ice Water, Pl——!", "A Petal on the Current", "Just Around the Corner", and "Back Pay". Fannie Hurst, who goes her serene, her independent way—analyzing, diagnosing, vivisecting, doing exactly as she pleases, never varying her course to a favoring wind, never stooping to sex stuff, or pollyannism, or any of the other fancies of the hour, never holding out her hat for pennies.

They tell me that she never permits cutting in any editorial office, be it the greatest or the smallest. And one may readily believe that cutting would be death to the very essence, the bouquet, the effervescence of her work. It is easy to imagine the brisk young thirty dollar a week clerk dealing with one of her heart stopping and soul wringing passages that consist simply of broken monosyllables: "Mama—" "What, Baby?" "Mama—" "Mama's here, Baby!" "Mama—"

"Why, this is just space filling", the young clerk, told to cut a thousand words, might blithely decide. And viva the blue pencil.

But the young clerk would be wrong. Not easily, not carelessly, has the least of those phrases been set there. Fannie Hurst works literally by the sweat of her brow, hammering her stuff out word by word, changing, altering, rewriting, deleting. You examine one of her scratched and erased and altered manuscripts wonderingly: why was this word substituted, this phrase changed?

There is no doubt, however, in the writer's mind. Every word is weighed, every phrase studied, everything shifted, wearisomely pondered, despairingly readjusted until it is, somehow, mysteriously and finally *right*. And her reward is that men and women from the Seal Rocks to Good Ground echo the word in deep content of soul: "That's like Ma. Isn't that Pa all over? That's *right*."

It amuses me now to recall my mental picture of Fannie Hurst, before we met. She seemed to me likely to be a sour faced person, angular, mustached, crabbed and profound, instructress in English in a genteel academy for young misses—that type. Yet the woman herself is anything but this.

She is opulent, oriental, beautiful, with very black hair and very red lips, a creamy skin and magnificent dark eyes. She dresses characteristically, in daring tam o' shanters, in gorgeous brocades and heavy embroideries. But despite the splendor and the beauty she is feminine in manner, gentle, a little shy, almost girlish. Modest and tongue tied about her own work, she is full of enthusiasm about that of others. Her friends are almost all women—one feels that she has but small interest in men.

This extraordinarily, joyously successful person, to whom life has been so generous, began her days in a quite commonplace fashion in St. Louis. Success in a high school play aroused in her the usual histrionic longings, and she came to New York not very many years ago, backed by a devoted

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father, and anxious for theatrical training. By a curious fillip of fortune she obtained a small part with Leo Ditrichstein in "The Concert". Miss Hurst was merely in the first act, one of the languishing ladies who study voice culture with the impressionable musician. She held this part for several weeks, until she came out of the theatre after a certain matinée to find her father waiting for her by the stage entrance. Her parent appears to have disapproved of this venture, and Fannie went back with him to St. Louis. She never returned to the theatre, and the evening's performance was presented without her.

But she came back to New York, and this time turned to writing as a natural outlet for what is really unusual vitality. Bob Davis of "Munsey's"—that friend of young writers, whose kindly word and constructive criticism have helped so many of our fictionists to fame and fortune—was the first to give her encouragement. He accepted many of the early stories, and finally urged her to submit one he felt to be especially good to "The Saturday Evening Post". Her first manuscript sent to Mr. Lorimer's weekly she herself priced at $125; but the check that was immediately sent her was for three times that sum.

Long before this exciting bit of encouragement, however, Miss Hurst had determined that writing was her ordained profession. She had taken a college course, obtained a degree of Ph.D. from Columbia, and plunged into various experiences with the sole idea of enlarging her sympathies, and her knowledge of life. She boarded with a Jewish family in the Ghetto for two years, which perhaps explains her answer, a few years ago, to a young girl who asked her how she could ever imagine the things she did.

"Some of it is just remembering", said Fannie, with her eyes thoughtful and the corners of her mouth twitching.

With tremendous difficulty she obtained a position as waitress in a Childs restaurant. This job she held for two weeks, and for a similar period she worked as a salesgirl in Macy's basement. Some years after this, she returned from Europe by steerage. She wanted a first hand knowledge and she got it, and later found good use for it.

From the Macy job she admits she was humiliatingly fired, because she was unable to keep her sales book correctly. Successful on half a dozen counts, among them that of obtaining a doctor's degree, this genius of the pen confesses that she could not rise to the simple mathematical requirements of Macy's basement.

No one in the profession today is more ambitious or more hard working than she. To what new triumphs she will progress is a question that is giving her admirers much concern. Some years ago she tried play writing, and collaborated with Harriet Ford in "The Land of the Free", in which one of the Nashes, Mary I think, most beautifully starred. The first act of this play, in which a Russian mother back in the old country parts with the little daughter who is going to America—this act had not a word of English in it, by the way — was entirely the work of Miss Hurst, and was one of the most striking, the most touching and exquisite presentations ever made on Broadway. But the play failed.

During wartime Fannie Hurst dramatized "Humoresque"; the production, however, was made only last winter. Despite Laurette Taylor's great art, and another unique and

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memorable first act, it scored only another failure. It was produced at the end of a bad season, and the wartime flavor told against it from the start. A third trial, this time with the dramatized short story "Back Pay", was also unsuccessful, and "Fannie re-Hurst", as one of her friends affectionately calls her, is somewhat discouraged on this score. She has turned her full force upon novel writing, and that "Lummox" is a big story is the conviction of a majority of the critics. "Lummox" is her second novel.

"Star-Dust", its predecessor, had some of the faults of a first novel and was surprisingly amateurish in places. But in many passages there was the sure flashing of genius, the golden streaks that marked it apart from the other thousands of novels of the year. Had it been the work of a beginner it would undoubtedly have been acclaimed with tremendous applause.

But Fannie Hurst is no beginner. She is supreme in her own sphere—the sphere of Kipling and O. Henry, neither of whom ever wrote anything worth considering in more than ten thousand words. She has the field to herself; Kipling's great voice is almost silent now, and O. Henry is dead. Who else?

Yes, there are promising beginners, and there are old favorites. One sees the name of Edna Ferber, Booth Tarkington, Wilbur Daniel Steele— "I like everything she—or he—writes!" one says. But "Alice Adams" and "The Girls" were big novels, and from the pens that wrote them other big novels will come. From no other pen will ever come the big short stories Fannie Hurst can write. They are all-American, but they are as big as the heart of the world. They are all simple, but they are as subtle as the delicate chambers of the brain. We form ourselves into an Oliver Twist club, we follow her dazzling tams and her sweeping embroideries appealingly, and we cry out, "Short Stories, Pl——!"

A COCOTTE TO A FIREFLY

By Juliet Branham

KINDRED adventurer of the night,
Of bright impermanence a part,
How cool and strengthless is the light
We wear to entice the casual heart.

We have so little power, so brief
The tenure of our dazzlement—
To trace a pattern on a leaf
And perish on the leaf, content.

Such fragile loveliness ours is,
A questioning hint of purpose mars;
A faint delusion is our bliss—
Men have mistaken us for stars.

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TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE

Plays and Motion Pictures of the Month

By John Farrar

PLAYS IN NEW YORK WORTH SEEING

1. CYRANO DE BERGERAC: *Walter Hampden's magnificent performance makes this robust yet tender play the high point of the season. (Reviewed below.)*

2. SANCHO PANZA: *A fantastic and poetic portrayal by Otis Skinner of a wise and beautiful play. (To be reviewed next month.)*

3. MEET THE WIFE: *Mary Boland in a farce which is sometimes more and sometimes less than clever but really worth seeing. (To be reviewed next month.)*

4. IN THE NEXT ROOM: *A thriller which is produced with great effect of realism. Excellent melodrama. (To be reviewed next month.)*

5. TARNISH: *A vivid story of the waywardness of man, ably acted and directed.*

6. CHAINS: *Helen Gahagan in a presentation of the new woman's attitude toward sex.*

7. RAIN: *This story of repression unleashed in the South Seas is one of the outstanding successes of years.*

8-9. AREN'T WE ALL?: *Cyril Maude in this Lonsdale comedy is only slightly better than Estelle Winwood in Lonsdale's other play,* SPRING CLEANING *(reviewed below).*

10. POPPY, and MR. BATTLING BUTLER *are thoroughly amusing comedies with music.* STEPPING STONES *(to be reviewed next month) and* THE MAGIC RING *are good musical comedies. Earl Carroll's* VANITIES *and* THE MUSIC BOX REVUE *are by far the best of the revues.*

THIS season, which so far has produced few really notable new plays, has yet been one of the most amazing that New York has ever known. When "The Brothers Karamazov" was presented in New York City the other evening, Eleonora Duse, the great Italian tragédienne, was seated in the right hand stage box; Max Reinhardt, the German producer, in the left; and Morris Gest stood in the centre of the rotunda, a veritable P. T. Barnum of the highbrow drama. Nor is Mr. Gest the only producer ambitious to present the country of Rotarians, Babbitts, and Boosters with a spectacle of the drama of the ages. Three "Hamlets" have bowed their way to Broadway and we shall see Walter Hampden in that rôle again this season, unless a

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grateful public forces him to continue his superb performance of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" indefinitely. Sir Martin-Harvey's "Œdipus Rex" gave us a striking two hours with the ancient Greeks; Sothern and Marlowe brought us their Shakespeare festival; the Grand Guignol players, after a disappointing start, furnished genuine thrills and some farces that, luckily for the morals of the police, were played in rapid French.

Ever since I saw my first theatrical performance (and it was Montgomery and Stone in "The Wizard of Oz"), the name of Eleonora Duse has been a symbol of the utmost in dramatic grace. As I write this article I have seen her three times; in Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea", in "Thy Will Be Done" by Gallarati-Scotti, and in "The Closed Door" by Marco Praga. The great Duse today is a tall, frail, white haired woman, with beautiful features drawn and hollowed by age and sickness, and a voice which at times is as mellow and soft as a bell and at other times is hoarsened by coughing. Her acting is filled with restraint and beauty. Her movements in the last act of "The Lady from the Sea" I shall never forget. The final moment of "The Closed Door" is a tremendous portrait of broken, yet pitiably determined motherhood. At its best here is a voice that varies from strident, racked, demanding tones to those little tender notes that are like lullabies sung over cradles. To those of us who did not see the Duse of other years, there has been given the memory of a noble figure, a great art, a commanding personality!

The Moscow Art Theatre has opened its new season in New York City, and its individual performances have not been dimmed with the passing of a season. "The Brothers Karamazov", detached scenes from the Dostoyevsky novel, is a complicated effort and one that is difficult to follow; but it gives the great Katchalov a chance to play two scenes of flashing brilliance. If it were only for the work of this one man, the advent of the troupe would be worthwhile. In the Goldoni farce, "The Mistress of the Inn", the Russians show themselves capable of exaggerated and delightful buffoonery.

Sophocles's "Œdipus Rex" is a pageant of simple and terrible emotions. Its theme of inexorable fate is grandiose in itself. As produced by Sir John Martin-Harvey, assisted by Max Reinhardt, and acted by Sir John, it becomes a spectacle of grace and of dignity. It is perhaps more in the German than the Greek tradition; but this production of the great Greek drama was to me, at least, thoroughly satisfying.

"Queen Victoria" by David Carb and Walter Prichard Eaton is a play of distinction given a performance of rare quality by the Equity Players. The authors have chosen to see in Alexandrina Victoria a quiet, tender, rather pathetic figure. They have told their story of love and of triumphal reigning by means of seven dignified episodes. Victoria has been pictured by them as a simple woman and mother, made to be a great queen by her choice of husband and great counselors — a figure worthy to be loved. The memory of this play, and of fine playing by Beryl Mercer and Ullrich Haupt as well as by an excellent supporting company, lingers. It is one of the things in the theatre that I shall remember with a comfortable glow for years. Not an exciting evening, it is yet a memorable one.

John Drinkwater's "Robert E. Lee" is less successful. True, after the first few scenes it has a moving quality which is irresistible, aided by an extraordinarily beautiful piece of acting

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THE DRAMA SHELF

"What's Wrong with the Movies?" by Tamar Lane (Waverly). Not a vital discussion of this theme.

"Princesses" by Helen Haiman Joseph (Stewart Kidd). This strikes me as rather dull going—somewhat in the nature of an allegory for puppets.

"Pierrot's Mother" by Glenn Hughes (Stewart Kidd). A nice mild fantasy—not too effective.

"Queen Victoria" by David Carb and Walter Prichard Eaton (Dutton). A dignified and beautiful chronicle play in which the Empress of India appears more mother than queen.

"The Eleonora Duse Series of Plays" edited by Oliver M. Sayler (Brentano). A workmanlike translation of Mme. Duse's American repertoire including Ibsen's "Ghosts" and "The Lady from the Sea", "The Closed Door" by Marco Praga, "The Dead City" by Gabriele D'Annunzio, "Thy Will Be Done" by Gallarati-Scotti.

"Gay's Beggar's Opera" by William Eben Schultz, Ph.D. (Yale). An historical and critical survey of this rollicking eighteenth century ballad opera.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" by Edmond Rostand, translated by Brian Hooker (Holt). A lively and, at times, exquisite translation by one of our best American lyricists.

"Roger Bloomer" by John Howard Lawson (Seltzer). A strange and occasionally powerful drama of adolescence presented amid much discussion on Broadway last year.

"Failures" by H. R. Lenormand, translated by Winifred Katzin (Knopf). An excellent translation of this violent sex drama—in a volume which includes another realistic fantasy, "Time is a Dream".

"Rain" by John Colton and Clemence Randolph, founded on W. Somerset Maugham's story, "Miss Thompson" (Boni, Liveright). The text of this extraordinarily successful current play is here available and proves fairly impressive.

"Are You Men?" by Elizabeth G. Crane (Minden Press). A strange mixture of choppy verse and mystic jargon.

"Royal Blossom" by Kostes Palamas, translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides (Yale). There are beautiful scenes in the play—but Greek drama has not greatly improved since the days of Sophocles.

"The Community Playhouse" by C. J. De Goveia (Huebsch). A short handbook, clearly written, with bibliographies.

"Our American Theatre" by Oliver M. Sayler (Brentano). A thorough volume, frankly opinionated but packed with excellent information.

"A History of the American Drama" by Arthur Hobson Quinn (Harper). A valuable guide to a not uninteresting period in American theatrical history.

by Alfred Lunt as a youthful Confederate soldier. Drinkwater is often dignified and quietly dramatic—but in his lighter moments he is awkward. Quite aside from his study of the Confederacy, quite aside from the truth of his (and of Burton Churchill's) portrait of the great general, Mr. Drinkwater had an epic theme—that of lost causes for which men give lives and souls. With this material he could not fail utterly. Livingston Platt's scenic effects are some of them very lovely indeed.

Ever since I read "Cyrano de Bergerac" it has been my favorite play—such vivacity, such saucy nonsense, such poetry, such deep pathos. It was in Bordeaux during the war, I remember, in a lonely hotel room, when I was recovering from influenza. I had bought a copy of Rostand's play at a

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little bookshop near the famous "Chap-on-Fin". The sensation of reading so tempestuously gay and beautiful a piece of literature does not often come to one. I was weak enough from illness to laugh easily and to cry without shame. With such a memory I approached the production with extreme temerity, particularly when Cyrano was to be acted by one whose Hamlet had seemed to me more intellectual than poetic. However, my hat is off, I trample it on the ground and throw it over any convenient goal post in praise of Mr. Hampden and his company. It would be hard to conceive of a more rollicking, tender, more beautifully mounted production than this at the National Theatre. I shall go back as many times as I may. It represents the sheer joy of youth and the pathos of age.

The Theatre Guild production of "The Failures", translated from the French of H. R. Lenormand by Winifred Katzin, is an amazing and brilliant example of interpretative realism. It will offend many people by its frankness. Yet I cannot but feel that in this particular instance such frankness is justified. "The Failures" is the story of contrasting artistic failures—of prostitution of mind, soul, and body—of the failure of love and beauty. As produced by Stark Young, and as played with something almost like perfection by Ben-Ami and Winifred Lenihan, it deserves your most serious attention. The final scene is so good that, as Ben-Ami sits becoming gradually more and more intoxicated, nearer and nearer the beast, and as Miss Lenihan watches him terrified, quiet, pitying, you find yourself wanting to cry out, "They're right, they're right, they're right!" That's just it—a horrible few moments; but fascinatingly real!

Comedy, too, has flourished. It has brought Ferenc Molnar's charming story of woman's caprice and decaying aristocracy "The Swan", in which Eva Le Gallienne is more beautiful and more intelligent than ever before. It has given us Lonsdale's new play "Spring Cleaning", which, in spite of offensive moments and a thoroughly bourgeois attitude, is really amusing. It is, I think, more amusing than "Aren't We All?"

"The Camel's Back" and "A Royal Fandango" failed quickly and not without reason. W. Somerset Maugham's play was, frankly, a farce. It was not based on an original idea; but it had fresh situations and a good deal of the best dialogue of the year. To my mind it was miscast. Had it been light comedy, its performances would have been considered good; as farce, it needed expert farcing, and this it did not receive.

Ethel Barrymore in Zoe Akins's "A Royal Fandango" was, as usual, the expert comédienne, and she was very beautiful to look upon. The play, however, all about a capricious royal lady who chose to find love affairs at random and whose husband was surprisingly tolerant, was charming in its best moments, but too lightly conceived and executed to create an important effect.

"Steadfast", with Frank McGlynn, was a tenuous and gloomy story of a narrow minded Jewish rabbi. It was in no way impressive, except that Mr. McGlynn gave a dignified if somewhat solemn performance.

At "Scaramouche" I had an excellent time. The story is a good one anyway, and Sabatini's own dramatization is frankly exaggerated and melodramatic. Sidney Blackmer is an upstanding figure who has moments of genuine fire, while Margalo Gill-

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more looks far lovelier than any other young lady today playing in town and acts with more warmth than has been her wont. She has a peculiar type of grace in line and movement that is rare indeed in America.

"Runnin' Wild", with the naïve Miller and his associate in comedy, Lyle, is not the best of the negro musical revues but it is a good one. We have unfortunately been too occupied with the highbrow drama to see others of the new musical comedies; but all opinions point to Dorothy Stone in "Stepping Stones" as the sensation of the season.

OUTSTANDING MOTION PICTURES

1. THE COVERED WAGON: *A fine story of American colonization: both picturesque and exciting.*

2. SCARAMOUCHE: *Sabatini's romantic novel given a rollicking and beautiful screen setting by Rex Ingram.*

3. A WOMAN OF PARIS: *Charles Chaplin here shows himself a great motion picture director.*

4. DAVID COPPERFIELD: *A faithful presentation of Dickens's novel with several fine character bits. (Reviewed below.)*

5. UNDER THE RED ROBE: *Another French melodrama, beautifully mounted, with particularly fine characterization of Cardinal Richelieu by Robert Mantell. (Reviewed below.)*

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., has inherited much of his father's charm. "Stephen Steps Out" is his first motion picture. Presently he will be less self conscious, and he will be taught by his director that his smile, while indubitably magnetic, has more effect when used sparingly. This is a youthful and robust little story of adolescence which is healthy and exceedingly amusing.

Like the picturization of "If Winter Comes", "David Copperfield" is especially interesting as a sort of chronicle play based on the incidents and characters of the book. It does not make too great an attempt to render more intensely dramatic the incidents of the novel itself. The characters are allowed to speak for themselves; and they are well selected, finely acted. If "David Copperfield" is one of your favorite novels I think that you will find the picture enjoyable.

"Under the Red Robe" shows what a fine dramatic craftsman can do with romance, employing all the old tricks. Bayard Veiller has written a masterly scenario for this gorgeous retelling of Stanley Weyman's story. Dramatic suspense is constant after the somewhat slow first reel, and Rose Coghlan as Marie de Medici, Robert Mantell as Cardinal Richelieu, are fine characterizations. Alma Rubens is lovely, John Charles Thomas strenuous, and the tale of revolt and love around and about the person of Cardinal Richelieu is excellent, if you like this sort of thing.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* "THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

31 STORIES—Thirty and One Authors—*Appleton.* If you don't care for carrots, there's beef, mutton, potatoes, and a dash of most everything else in this English literary stew.

THE ALABASTER BOX—James Lane Allen—*Harper.* A philosophic trifle by the author of "The Kentucky Cardinal".

HORSES AND MEN—Sherwood Anderson—*Huebsch.* Rather more conventional than most of this author's work—short stories in his usual neurotic vein.

*BLACK OXEN—Gertrude Atherton—*Boni, Liveright.* A clever device which might have occasioned a fine character study succeeds in producing a readable, fairly amusing journalistic novel.

WEEDS—Pío Baroja—*Knopf.* Don't confuse this vivid account of Manuel's adventuring in the lower depths of Madrid with that other recent novel of the same title.

BIG BROTHER—Rex Beach—*Harper.* Six fine tales. The best are the story of a gangster, "Big Brother", and a war story, "Too Fat to Fight".

THE PERFUME OF THE RAINBOW—L. Adams Beck—*Dodd, Mead.* Exotic tales of the Far East that prove the author as clearly a stylist as he undoubtedly is a romanticist.

*RICEYMAN STEPS—Arnold Bennett—*Doran.* Mr. Bennett's picture of his lovable young charwoman and her two middle aged employers outshines any book of his in years. *(See page 566.)*

LAZY LAUGHTER—Woodward Boyd—*Scribner.* We like the title, we like the jacket; we like the heroine even if she has a wishbone for a backbone.

THE DREAMS OF CHANG—Ivan Bunin—*Knopf.* Even translation cannot spoil the savor of these stories. This Slav can interpret the Orient.

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW—James Branch Cabell—*McBride.* When first published in 1904 this book was supposed to be clever, witty, and slightly satiric. In 1923 it appears clever, witty, and slightly satiric.

THE WOMAN OF KNOCKALOE—Hall Caine—*Dodd, Mead.* There are no intermediate shades between black and white in Hall Caine's spectrum, even when he is writing about the futility of hate.

*A LOST LADY—Willa Cather—*Knopf.* Exquisitely written portrait of a woman who seeks love and never quite finds it, and who errs along the route.

*ONE OF OURS—Willa Cather—*Knopf.* A story of a young western boy and the war—not the author's best, however.

STRANGER THINGS—Mildred Cram—*Dodd, Mead.* Unusual short stories having to do with the things that are just beyond our ken.

THE ALASKAN—James Oliver Curwood—*Cosmopolitan.* Mystery, business, intrigue and manly fighting—there is a ship and a reindeer range, and a properly difficult love affair.

TETHERSTONES—Ethel M. Dell—*Putnam.* Sweet young love and mild mystery among the Druid ruins.

STREETS OF NIGHT—John Dos Passos—*Doran.* This is exactly what James Joyce's "Ulysses" would have been if Stephen Dædalus and Leopold Bloom had been Harvard students adrift in Boston.

FLAMING YOUTH—Warner Fabian—*Boni, Liveright.* Three motherless sisters and the family doctor see love and society in various hues, that of the ingénue youngest predominating.

SIR JOHN DERING—Jeffery Farnol—*Little, Brown.* One hundred per cent parry and thrust, romantic adventure in the mellow

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setting of rural England. The usual refreshing though exaggerated Farnol characters with more than the usual amount of whimsical humor.

*Faint Perfume—Zona Gale—*Appleton.* The story of some difficult relatives and a highly sensitive unmarried lady who probably marries.

One of the Guilty—W. L. George—*Harper.* The career of an idle apprentice on the lines of Horatio Alger with a reverse twist.

*The Shadowy Third—Ellen Glasgow—*Doubleday, Page.* Powerful and beautifully written stories of psychological and mystical purport. (*See page 573.*)

Tappan's Burro — Zane Grey — *Harper.* From the author's old stamping ground to the River Amazon these five stories range, with the indelible Z. G. brand on the flank of each.

The Heretic of Soana—Gerhart Hauptmann—*Huebsch.* An allegory, sad, beautiful, and at times terrible.

The Marriage of Yussuf Khan—Frank Heller—*Crowell.* A delightfully improbable, fast moving mystery adventure.

Postscripts—O. Henry—*Harper.* These anecdotes, bits of humor, and verse from O. Henry's column in the Houston "Post" of 1895-6 have been collected by Florence Stratton.

*The Covered Wagon—Emerson Hough—*Appleton.* Interest in the motion picture has revived a demand for this tale of western pioneers.

*North of 36—Emerson Hough—*Appleton.* Not unlike "The Covered Wagon"; if anything, more exciting. It deals with a migration—this time of cattle.

Labyrinth—Helen R. Hull—*Macmillan.* A Columbia professor, his restless wife, and their three charming children see "This Freedom" through, with no resulting casualties.

Antic Hay—Aldous Huxley—*Doran.* An intellectual fantasia in the form and with the persons of a novel. Refreshingly pessimistic.

Never the Twain Shall Meet—Peter B. Kyne—*Cosmopolitan.* A South Sea island lady is encountered by an American business man—an easy mixture for high romance.

Those Who Return (L'Ombre)—Maurice Level—*McBride.* A ghastly study of madness, murder, and hate.

A Week — Iury Libedinsky — *Huebsch.* Arthur Ransome has translated this vivid tale of a Russian village starving under the Communist régime.

*Doctor Nye—Joseph C. Lincoln—*Appleton.* Human, amusing, slightly exaggerated picture of a gossipy small town with another lovable Lincoln character in it.

The Lengthened Shadow—William J. Locke—*Dodd, Mead.* How a will, with peculiar clauses relating to the heroine's marriage, affects her life and the lives of her two guardians.

Bashan and I—Thomas Mann—*Holt.* Though dog fanciers may see little in this book, anyone who has ever owned and loved "just a dog" will enjoy it.

Martha—Ethel E. Mannin—*Duffield.* An intensely sympathetic tale of a modern Martha.

Undertow—Henry K. Marks—*Harper.* A dreary novel of a brutal father, a daughter driven to a life of shame, and a son frightened into the use of drugs.

Anthony Dare—Archibald Marshall—*Dodd, Mead.* This story of a typical English youth isn't actually so very long; it only seems long.

Fantastica—Robert Nichols—*Macmillan.* Romantic and highly colored tales touched by the ironical. (*See page 574.*)

The Hope of Happiness—Meredith Nicholson—*Scribner.* The bar sinister minus the usual hysterics, and an interesting story as well.

*Bread—Charles G. Norris—*Dutton.* The business girl finds marriage difficult in a well written problem novel with practically no solution offered.

Butterfly—Kathleen Norris—*Doubleday, Page.* A story of two sisters, involving artistic temperament and the younger married set. Here is no Crabtree saga, but an entertaining tale withal.

Here's to the Gods—Austin Parker—*Harper.* He kissed and married and flew away. "*C'est la guerre*", they said.

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THE DANCERS—Hubert Parsons—*Knopf.* A novelized version of the play of wasted love by the son of George Du Maurier and the daughter of Beerbohm Tree.

THE WHITE FLAG—Gene Stratton-Porter—*Doubleday, Page.* There are foreclosed mortgages, thefts, curses, symbolism, and many deaths in this historical romance of an author who knows better than most how to make it all right in the end.

*THE HAWKEYE—Herbert Quick—*Bobbs-Merrill.* A sequel to "Vandemark's Folly". Here is a quieter hero, but in some ways a better sustained novel.

CRAIG KENNEDY LISTENS IN—Arthur B. Reeve—*Harper.* In this new series of excellent short stories the scientific detective tackles drug smugglers, rum runners, murderers and suchlike.

THE SQUIRE—Laura E. Richards—*Appleton.* A new Sir Roger de Coverley enters a world of love and mystery.

WORD OF THE EARTH—Anthony Richardson—*Dodd, Mead.* "I hate your nonsense; I hate platitudes, silly stories and abstracts", remarks the Physicist to the Poet; and we cheerfully endorse at least that sentiment of his.

RUFUS—Grace Richmond—*Doubleday, Page.* Another story of a foundling; but with a war veteran in *loco parentis.*

BARBRY—Henry Milner Rideout—*Duffield.* The love story of a New England waif, with a thrilling climax.

FORTUNE'S FOOL—Rafael Sabatini—*Houghton Mifflin.* Again the stage and royalist plots give this sword and spear romancer a chance for swift events of mimicry, love, and war.

ARLIE GELSTON—Roger L. Sergel—*Huebsch.* An unmoral, selfish girl realistically described.

UNCANNY STORIES—May Sinclair—*Macmillan.* Miss Sinclair brings her Freudian touch to the ghost walkers and produces some strong short fiction. (*See page 574.*)

*DEIRDRE—James Stephens—*Macmillan.* Beautiful Irish folk lore expanded into a fanciful novel of great delight and commendable workmanship.

MAY EVE—E. Temple Thurston—*Appleton.* A charming love story of a dreamy Irish girl, with fairies and wood sprites in attendance.

A LINE A DAY—Juliet Wilbor Tompkins—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Perhaps there are thousands of girls around high school age who would consider Mary-Lee (pronounced Merrily) just too sweet, noble, and lucky for anything.

FEET OF CLAY—Margaretta Tuttle—*Little, Brown.* A daughter just escapes repeating the tragedy of her mother's muddled romance.

PIRI AND I—Lawrence Vail—*Lieber, Lewis.* The loves of a pair of "intellectual buffoons". Sophisticated eccentricity done with none too light a hand.

THE BLIND BOW-BOY—Carl Van Vechten—*Knopf.* A perverse and impudent book entertaining to those whom it does not nauseate.

*THE CATHEDRAL—Hugh Walpole—*Doran.* Archdeacon Brandon finds that power is not all in this world of trials and gossipings.

THE OTHER STORY—Henry Kitchell Webster—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Conventional but amusing stories of the current popular type. (*See page 575.*)

*A SON AT THE FRONT—Edith Wharton—*Scribner.* A superb picture of the state of mind of non-combatants during the war, a clever study of divorce, and a tender delineation of parental losses.

GRAVEN IMAGE—Margaret Widdemer—*Harcourt, Brace.* A family fetish is a hard rider, even for the unbridled younger generation.

*OH, DOCTOR!—Harry Leon Wilson—*Cosmopolitan.* One of the current crop of sick young men healed by loving nurses.

THE GRAND TOUR OF ALPHONSE MARICHAUD—Romer Wilson—*Knopf.* The "tour" is a sculptor's personally conducted voyage into literature and life—a wonderful *Wanderjahr.*

THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR—Harold Bell Wright—*Appleton.* An ex-convict, an Indian, a virtuous woman, the thirst for gold—a little tale laid in Arizona.

*JENNIFER LORN—Elinor Wylie—*Doran.* An eighteenth century story told in the eighteenth century manner and destined to challenge James Branch Cabell and Max Beerbohm.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

The Saga of a Literary Centre

HARRY HANSEN'S "Midwest Portraits" (Harcourt, Brace) is a warm, comfortable, pleasant book. He enjoys Chicago and he knows and admires its literati. He has written of them with something like tenderness and yet, while he is practically always pleasant, he is not without acumen. His essay on Carl Sandburg is the best in the book. Hansen admires Sandburg thoroughly, and from admiration the literary editor of the Chicago "Daily News" has written what seems to me the best analysis of Sandburg as writer and man that we have had.

The closing paragraph is excellent:

> There are those of us who feel that although he may grow in wisdom, round out his philosophy of life, and perhaps even smooth out his lines, his big contribution to American literature in the future will not be in the field of poetry but in prose. He has a flair for interpretative biography, and a keen interest in the humanness of great historical characters. He sees men with their faults and their virtues; he sees them whole. The years that lie between us and a historical character do not blunt the edges of these figures for him; he thinks of them as men who walked this earth, and not as demi-gods. He has nothing in common with the tendency of most nations to deify leaders of an older generation, and although he is very partial to friendships, and his judgment is often blurred by sympathy with those close to him, he is able to take a fine disinterested and objective view of leaders dead and gone. His kinship to ward politicians, labor leaders, teamsters, to the lowly ones who toil, is based upon the very qualities that will make him an able interpreter of men and their aims. In delineating other times, in bringing back to us a "homeliness" that has been lost under a veneer of alien culture, in picturing this age as the logical successor of the past, Carl Sandburg has before him a task that calls for all of his powers, and one that he is well equipped to perform.

For the rest there is much anecdote and pleasant discussion. Mr. Hansen has the journalist's gift for description combined with a nice sense of literary values. This is a volume that will be enjoyed by not only those who are interested in American literature but by those who seek to understand the moods of cities, and those who enjoy picturesque reminiscences of current figures in the world of American letters.

Love in Song and Sonnet

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY has escaped somewhat from her mood of brittle cynicism. In "The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems" (Harper) we come on lyrics that are both sturdier and surer than some earlier performances. Her mood is still that of a woman who loves both lightly and deeply and is a trifle ironical about it all.

> And why should I be cold, my lad,
> And why should you repine,
> Because I love a dark head
> That never will be mine?

This is a mood which is neither original nor exotic; but it is expressed with a fine sense of melody and a rare gift of choosing the right word. Miss Millay's poems will be used by many a lover to press his suit. So are those of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Yet Miss Millay's lyrics and sonnets have a quality that carries them far both in the eyes of the people and of the critics. The

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following sonnet seems to me to be both characteristic of her mood and beautiful in itself.

XIX

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
Under my head till morning; but the rain
Is full of ghosts to-night, that tap and sigh
Upon the glass and listen for reply,
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain
For unremembered lads that not again
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.
Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree,
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:
I cannot say what loves have come and gone,
I only know that summer sang in me
A little while, that in me sings no more.

Mr. Bennett's "Lummox"

THIS is the year for servant girls. Arnold Bennett in "Riceyman Steps" (Doran) has unveiled a portrait in quieter tones than that of Miss Hurst's "Lummox"; but Mr. Bennett is, perhaps, more convincing. Miss Hurst deals with the great slashing moments of life; Mr. Bennett is concerned with the terrifying minutiæ. He contrasts two little souls with two large souls, a cramped and stifled affection with a boundless and unreasoning love. His three main characters, a bookstore keeper, his wife, and their servant Elsie, are painfully real. Yet, as always, Mr. Bennett's realism is not without its interpretative quality. The starving of a miser and his wife by their efforts to economize and the faithfulness of their servant girl both to them and to her shell shocked lover is, if you will, a small theme; but Bennett has made it a great one. "Riceyman Steps" is in every way a fine book. It can be read without stumbling upon obnoxious and ill mannered scenes. Its music is in a distinctly minor key; but it is, nevertheless, music. It is not a gay story; yet it is filled with humor, both fantastic and grim. I think that if you like a skilful novel of character you will find this last book of Arnold Bennett's thoroughly enjoyable.

Tender Wisdom

"INWARD HO!" (Doubleday, Page) is a series of philosophical jottings by the prolific Christopher Morley. It is a wise book and one that will gain many an apostle who finds in it somewhat obvious truths beautifully expressed, as well as those who find far more subtlety than at first meets the eye. It is a book that I shall keep on my shelf for much reference. It is exquisitely written; for those who will call it sentimental, Mr. Morley has his own answer:

> One of the most perfect comments on sentiment was that line in a letter of Charles Lamb, after the tragedy in his family: "I have something more to do than feel." So have we all. And yet perhaps the generous word has not yet been said about sentiment as a literary force. In this country, where spurious and jejune sentimentalism has probably become a more general diet than anywhere else at any time, there is room for enlightened sentimentalism. The word needs to be rescued from its niminy-piminy association. Enlightened sentimentalism, aerated by humour, stiffened with irony and self-mockery, but not devoid of compassion, is an ingredient too spicy to be omitted from the pantry shelf.

Mr. Morley is more than a genial philosopher, he is a humorist, a poet, and a humanitarian. You will find the various elements of his character and his literary ability nicely blended in his latest volume.

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A Farm Odyssey

THIS story of a city woman and her husband, and the home they made on a Vermont farm, is simple but in its detail of nature pageant and barnyard development, fascinating. Bertha Oppenheim is a normal woman with a good deal of common sense and quite a lot of poetry in her make up. These qualities we feel in "Winged Seeds" (Macmillan). If you like country things and ways, you will find her story interesting. This sort of paragraph fascinates me—but then, I have the farm in my blood, I know.

We got in our black onion seed for late onions, and our onion sets for early ones; our first peas and early potatoes, our carrots and beets and lettuce and radishes; also spinach, chard, and the rest of the frost-resisting seeds. Beans, both wax and Limas, egg plant, corn and squash and cucumbers, melons and pumpkins had to wait until there was no longer danger from a late frost. Meanwhile they were ploughing my flower garden. Wheat for our own flour was already showing tender green spears above ground. The earlier one can get one's wheat sown, the better the harvest is apt to be. Oats were seeded. The seed bed was being prepared for barley and speltz, for corn and millet. The doctor sprayed all his seed grain with a solution of formaldehyde, contrary to the advice of our hired men. "Never heerd tell o' no sich thing. What's th' use o' it? Much good they boughten stuff'll do ye, ef we git no rain in June, er a pest o' locusts." Spraying was done just the same.

—*J. F.*

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Margaret Widdemer

FROM a batch of October magazines unfortunately incomplete (for who knows what treasures "Poetry" and "Harper's" and "Rhythmus" and "Century", not to speak of a half dozen others, may hold?), I take a quietly beautiful poem of Hazel Hall's, in "The New Republic"—"Any Woman". In any other hands but Miss Hall's the theme might have slid over into self pity. With the cadence she gives it and the effective broken rhythm, as a voice would break, it has only charm.

ANY WOMAN

When there is nothing left but darkness
And the day is like a leaf
Fallen onto sodden grasses,
You have earned a subtle grief.

Never let them take it from you,
Never let them come and say:
Night is made of black gauze; moonlight
Blows the filmy dark away.

You have a right to know the thickness
Of the night upon your face,
To feel the inky blue of nothing
Drift like ashes out of space.

You have a right to lift your fingers
And stare in pity at your hands
That are the exquisite frail mirrors
Of all the mind misunderstands.

Your hand, potent in portrayal,
Falls of its own weight to rest
In a quiet curve of sorrow
On the beating of your breast.

Hazel Hall
—*The New Republic*

Amy Lowell's stately "Autumn and Death" in "The Atlantic", and Robert

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Frost's awkwardly named and poignantly written "A Fountain, a Bottle, a Donkey's Ears, and Some Books" in THE BOOKMAN, are unfortunately too long to quote.

Richard Aldington's "Exile" has the unmistakable major note, in spite of the astounding fact glimmering through the poem that an imagist has been influenced by Matthew Arnold. Or perhaps it is merely that the same mood of scholarly disillusion makes the same cadences fall.

EXILE

"Do you dwell on the snowy promontory of Mimas?"

How shall we utter
This horror, this rage, this despair?
How shall we strike at baseness,
Cut through disgust with scorn?
How rend with slashed fingers
The bars and walls of their lives
Which blacken our air and pure light?

What are they? Alien, brutish,
Base seed of Earth's ravished womb;
Shall we yield our light and our truth—
The flash of the helm
And the foam-grey eyes and the hair
Braided with gold,
Steel mail on a firm breast?
Shall we yield?

Their life, their truth?
O laugh of disdain!
If ours be a goddess,
Chaste, proud, and austere;
What is theirs?
A boastful woman, a whore,
Whose vice is most stupid, most foul;
One greasy of flesh, stale
With hot musty perfume—
While ours—
Firm-fleshed as the treeless hills
With her rigid breasts and hard thighs,
Cold and perfect and fresh—
Fields crisp with new frost—
Sets the violet-crown in her hair,
Turns an unstained brow to the sky.

Let us stand by the earth-shaking sea
Unfurrowed by a hull,
Let us move among beeches and oaks
Unprofaned by loud speech;
Let us reverence the sacred earth
And the roar of unbridled falls
And the crash of an untamed sea,
Let us shade our eyes from the sun
And gaze through the fluttering leaves
Far, most far;
Shall we see her hill
And the marble front of her house
And herself, standing calm,
Many-coloured, triumphant, austere?

Richard Aldington
—*The Dial*

Combing a handful of ambitious particolored young poetry magazines, conservative and radical, one comes upon a delicately colored thing by Margery Swett, "Play Me a Little Moon", in "Guild Pioneer".

PLAY ME A LITTLE MOON

Play me a little moon slipping out through the tree-tops,
Play me a song of the flutter of leaves,
Thin wisps of wind making spring in the branches.

There are trees that are dancers veiled in dim verdure,
There are trees that are beggars and trees that are priests,
I came in when I saw your gold head in the lamp-light.

There are pink skies and white blossoms and roads long with yearning,
There are shadows that stand at the edge of the dusk;
I would rather hear your evening than walk in the twilight,
Hungry with nightfall and talking to trees.
Play me a little moon!

Margery Swett
—*Guild Pioneer*

Another, the Bookfellows' "Step Ladder", has Helen Coale Crew's "In a Low Rocking-Chair", which in spite of its Irish coloring manages to be as mediæval in its note as if it were a real peasant song. After all, the Irish peasant's note is the nearest we have left to the spirit of the Middle Ages.

IN A LOW ROCKING-CHAIR

Heaven is a fine place, a fine place entirely.
Oh, like Killarney in rose-time 'twill be,

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With Mary in a blue gown flowered like the meadow,
And Little Christ as like a rose
As any rose you'd see.

Himself is high upon a throne; but Herself sits a-rocking
In a low rocking-chair, her babe on her knee.
Sure, now he'd go to sleep at once, and Herself a-crooning,
And not lie with his eyes wide
The way you'd treat me.

Now fasten down your eyelids and get you gone a-sleeping,
And in a little heart beat in heaven you'll be,
And when you've bowed to Himself, and made Herself a curtsey,
And kissed the Little Rose o' Heaven,
Come back along to me.

Helen Coale Crew
—*The Step Ladder*

Another fine thing in "The New Republic" is Padraic Colum's "Odysseus", a poem in memory of Arthur Griffith: Irish too, but with the bardic, not the folk note. Like Miss Lowell's and Mr. Frost's poems, it is too long to quote.

D. H. Lawrence's "Humming-Bird" from "The Nation" has a dazzlingness that makes it a worthy poem, in spite of a drop in mood (or perhaps a deliberate, if unfortunate, change in mood) at the end. What a rest to have him writing about a bird instead of a complex!

HUMMING-BIRD

I can imagine, in some other world
Primeval-dumb, far back
In that most awful stillness, that only gasped and hummed,
Humming-birds raced down the avenues.

Before anything had a soul,
While life was a heave of Matter, half inanimate,
This little bit chipped off in brilliance
And went whizzing through the slow, vast, succulent stems.

I believe there were no flowers, then,
In the world where the humming-bird flashed ahead of creation.
I believe he pierced the slow vegetable veins with his long beak.

Probably he was big
As mosses, and little lizards, they say were once big.
Probably he was a jabbing, terrifying monster.

We look at him through the wrong end of the long telescope of Time,
Luckily for us.

D. H. Lawrence
—*The Nation*

"Voices" continues to combine a high standard with a fondness for the lyric note. Louise Driscoll's "The Idol" has the delicate clarity and truthfulness one expects of her.

THE IDOL

If you had asked of me
All that I had,
I would have given it
And been glad.

But you made of me
A dream thing
That you pleased yourself
By worshipping.

You looked at my face
And never knew
What in my heart
I asked of you.

And so I said,
"It is only a game
To give to a dream
A face and name,

While the woman I am
And the man you are
Are as far apart
As star and star."

Louise Driscoll
—*Voices*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

INTERPRETING THE BIBLE

By Basil King

ON the paper jacket of his book, "The Story of the Bible", Hendrik Van Loon remarks that "this is a strange piece of work." It is hardly that. It is a piece of work of which we have had many examples during the past fifty years. The Bible being a difficult book to understand, many have done their best to make it easier. It has been retold, paraphrased, simplified, boiled down, in as many ways as there have been writers to try their hands at it. The efforts have all been well meaning, and all unsuccessful.

The material is apparently too tough. It lends itself to no softening processes, to no bland manipulations. You must leave it alone, or take it as it is. As it is you find it rugged, stubborn, intractable, like the Rockies or the Alps. No more than you can bring down Mount Sir Donald or the Jungfrau to the measure of a hillock in a city public garden can you coax the mighty purpose that sweeps from Genesis to the Apocalypse within the genteel phrases of the nursery or the lingo of a boy at school.

There is no way of doing it. To make the attempt at all betrays the lack of a sense of the colossal. There are phenomena too vast for us to squeeze within our compass. The sky is one; the ocean is another; forests and mountains are others still; but among the works of man the Bible is perhaps the only one. It is not to be judged by any of the canons of literature, art, history, or science. It eludes them all, and it does so for the reason that less than a book it is a spirit.

It is the spirit which those who paraphrase and simplify can never catch. Mr. Van Loon catches it no more than anybody else. With considerable skill he sums up a large portion of the Old Testament, but the spirit not being there he seems to offer us nothing but a shell. It is a dead book which he presents to us, something we once knew as alive, but now become dull and unresponsive. This being so, it is hardly possible that he himself should escape the condescending tone toward Jehovah and His works which he adopts unconsciously.

Here is the opening of the first chapter of the Book of Genesis as Mr. Van Loon reinterprets it:

> In the beginning, this earth floated through space in sombre silence and darkness. There was no land, but the endless waters of the deep ocean covered our vast empires. Then the Spirit of Jehovah came brooding over the sea, contemplating mighty things. And Jehovah said, "Let there be light", and the first rays of dawn appeared amidst the darkness. "This," Jehovah said, "I shall call the Day."

"The Story of the Bible" is written for boys, and one wonders if there can possibly be boys, or parents of boys, who would consider this version by Mr. Van Loon a simplification of that in the old fashioned Scriptures.

Not that Mr. Van Loon spares himself any effort to get within boyhood's comprehension. He makes ev-

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ery such effort, often with the bluff and hearty manner which grown up people sometimes think they must put on in speaking to the young. Some examples drawn from his history of the house of Abraham will best serve as illustrations. In sending forth his steward to seek a wife for his son, Abraham "explained just what sort of girl he wanted for Isaac. She must be well versed in the art of making a home, she must help on the farm, and above all things she must be kindly." When Isaac and Rebekah were married and had sons of their own, Rebekah was sorry that Jacob had not been "born ahead of Esau. Then he would have been his father's heir, and now all of Isaac's riches were to go to a country bumpkin, who hated fine rugs and fine furniture, and was no better than one of the sheepmen of the ranch." One day "Esau came from a hunting trip. He was hungry as a wolf. Jacob was fussing around in the kitchen, making himself a fine stew of lentils. 'Let me have some of it, and let me have it right now', Esau begged", and so the story goes on. So the whole of the Old Testament goes on, a Boy's Own Bible suited to the epoch of "Yes, we have no bananas." You either like this sort of thing or you do not. If you like it, there is no more to be said.

On reaching the New Testament Mr. Van Loon is not quite fair to us. It is not the gospels he retells, but Renan's "Vie de Jésus", or something along the same lines.

> The gospels bear fictitious names. They are called after the apostles, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, but it seems unlikely that the original disciples had anything to do with these famous literary compositions. . . . The disciples firmly believed that the end of the world was at hand. While preparing for the final judgment they did not care to compose books which would soon be destroyed by the fire from heaven. As the years went by, however . . . efforts were made to gather the memoirs of those who had known Jesus personally. . . . Old men and women of Nazareth were interviewed. In Jerusalem several people who had gone to Golgotha to witness the execution gave an account of the last hours and the agony of Jesus. Soon there was quite a literature upon the subject.

Possibly; and yet this is not "The Story of the Bible" as Mr. Van Loon has promised us to tell it. "I am leaving the Bible most severely alone." If this means anything, it means that he will, in his own language, give it as it stands. We expect this the more since he goes on to say that he will make no "futile attempt to improve upon the King James version". Yet here is a sample of this prudent reserve. It is the visit of the Wise Men to Bethlehem:

> One evening Mary had been nursing her baby in front of the old stable which served her and Joseph as a home. Suddenly there had been a great noise in the street. A caravan of Persian travellers was passing by. . . . The young mother and her child had attracted the attention of these strange men. They had halted their camels and they had played with the little boy and then, when they left, they had given his pretty mother some presents from their bales of silk and their boxes of spices.

This sample not only speaks for itself but gives the key to a treatment of the New Testament which follows a pattern well worn and familiar ever since Renan first shocked the religious public in 1863. Mr. Van Loon is no worse and no better than others who have trodden in the same footsteps. If, as compared with his predecessors, he disappoints, it is chiefly because of an absence of spontaneity due perhaps to a lack of sympathy with his subject. By the time you reach the middle of his book you feel that he is bored, as if he were saying to himself, How shall I ever beat this mountain into a molehill? A mole-

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hill there is, but it reproduces, alas! few of the features of the mountain. It remains only to say that the illustrations, of which there are many, are marred by a resemblance of the sacred figures of the East to the members of the Ku Klux Klan.

The Story of the Bible. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Boni and Liveright.

EVOLUTION AND THE LAYMAN

By Lorande Loss Woodruff

WE have faith in the mechanic who adjusts our carbureter; the physician who diagnoses the disturbances of our bodily engine; the lawyer who gives an opinion on the technicalities of our case — otherwise we do not seek their services. We assume that they are specialists and accept their conclusions. We appreciate, and rightly, that we have not the background of facts and experience to warrant our questioning their judgment. But, strange to say, in certain other equally technical and special fields, many of us with naïve inconsistency show an entire lack of faith in the results of the experts who have devoted their lives to the intensive study of the facts involved, and gullibly snatch at the pronouncements of vociferous propagandists whose reputations have been established in fields as foreign to the principles of science as politics is today.

The current flagrant exhibition of this attitude involves evolution—specifically organic evolution, or the evolution of living things, and still more specifically human evolution since we are more or less apathetic until the facts of evolution impinge on the intrenched prejudices in regard to man himself. This demand on the part of the layman to be shown that evolution is a fact has been provocative of a harvest of books which attempt to afford in untechnical terms a broad survey of the established facts and current theories relating to organic evolution—the most recent being an "Amherst Book", Professor Tyler's "The Coming of Man".

Now the appraisal of this work depends very largely on the personal equation of the reviewer into whose hands it happens to fall. If, as in the present instance, he is a biologist who is convinced that no real appreciation of the status of evolution is attainable without a groundwork in biological facts—that the problems of evolution and the problems of genetics are essentially one and inseparable—then he will heartily agree with Dr. Tyler's prefatorial statement: "Condensed histories of the growth of the United States during a few centuries fill a dozen or more large volumes. We must attempt to compress the whole biological history of animal and human life in one booklet. The attempt is absurd."

On the other hand, if the reviewer believes that a residual minimum of fact and theory affording a sort of cubistic protrayal of evolution gives the intelligent layman a worthwhile speaking acquaintance with its questions; perhaps, really enables him to form an intelligent personal appraisal of the facts involved so that he can legitimately accept or reject the conclusions of the biologist, then the volume will leave little to be desired.

Professor Tyler in an interesting and unique way gives the reader in successive chapters realistic glimpses of the "coming of life", the "coming

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of a backbone", the "rise of land life", the "coming of savage man", the "dawn of civilization". This he follows with a consideration of the "logic of evolution", "nature and man", "man and environment", and the "survival of the fittest"; and concludes with a chapter on "perfect health".

The author's noteworthy career as professor of biology at Amherst College, which has involved a long life of thinking, writing, and lecturing on fundamental biological problems, ensures respectful attention to this book. Certainly the layman, enjoying some familiarity with a considerable number of biological terms, cannot fail to profit by making the acquaintance of the author through his little volume, written, as he says, "especially for those who have never found time or inclination to study our benighted ancestors and predecessors, and their magnificent and truly heroic achievements". "If I can persuade a few thoughtful souls to wonder at the amœba, to become interested in the highly significant hydra, to admire clams and worms, to marvel at the strange experiments of reptiles, and gain a fellow-feeling for the plodding primitive mammal, the sleek cat and 'aspiring ape', it will not have been written in vain."

The Coming of Man. By John M. Tyler. Marshall Jones Co.

GHOSTS AND OTHERS

By Louise Collier Willcox

THE first two of these volumes deal with the misty borderland beyond the activity of the bodily senses. Both Miss Glasgow and Miss Sinclair write of the disembodied life and psychological problems that reach the unexplained powers of the body and mind. I say "powers of the body", for these intuitions and instincts that reach out beyond the actual capacity of the five attacking senses more often belong to the untrained and undeveloped than to the highly educated. The colored race, subject as it is to superstition, is notably susceptible to supernatural influences; children are more susceptible than women; and women, than men. There may be a stage in training before the mind takes entire control of the nerves, when "the *whole* body thinks", and we are aware of more than a densely physical atmosphere. Miss Glasgow has four forthright ghost stories and three psychological tales. Her writing retains its customary distinction and freedom from all affectation and use of clichés; such English is a refreshment to mind and spirit, coming as it does direct through the fine tradition of Addison and Matthew Arnold, unvulgarized by current slang, unvilified by current bad grammar. An environment of long established customs, manners, and traditions has given her what few writers of the day have—both soil and atmosphere; a soil in which her roots are deeply set, and an atmosphere where she is sure of climate, vegetation, human types, manners, customs and traditions. When she writes of Virginia her touch is as sure, her tone as perfect as was George Eliot's when she wrote of mid-England or Arnold Bennett's when he describes the five towns. "Dare's Gift" as well as the grim and terrible "Jordan's End" are fine examples of this truth to place and speech. "The Difference" is a study of that disastrous breach between the concentrated feminine temperament and the more diffuse masculine instinct, and both "A Point in Morals" and "Jordan's End"

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deal with a nice point in morals: is it ever legitimate to take life? Incidentally it seems odd that "Jordan's End", the most powerful of these seven stories, is the only one not to have appeared first in a magazine.

Miss Sinclair has not been so happy in her environment; immersed as she is in the most unsettled period of England's development, in the most experimental and unstable circle of *"les Jeunes"*, obsessed by Freudian speculations, symbolist, uncapitalized poetry and dadaist painting, her later work, though powerful, always points to a period. She is so up to date that a bookworm one hundred years from now will be able to date her books easily from internal evidence. The illustrations fittingly match the text, impressive now and then and missing fire the next time. The first tale gives us an excellent realization of hell: the eternal repetition of the act you are most sickened by in your whole life, with complete powerlessness to escape it. The last tale gives us a satisfying picture of heaven, the place where you succeed admirably in doing just what you have most wanted to do on earth. "The Victim" is an amusing piece of irony; "If the Dead Knew" and "The Token" are conventional ghost stories; "The Nature of the Evidence" is bloodcurdling; and "The Flaw in the Crystal", a very charming story of mental healing and the consecration it demands.

Robert Nichols rightly calls his volume of two short stories and one long one "Fantastica". The author is a poet and was a soldier through the worst of the great world war. Such an experience is calculated to set a man questioning the world in which he lives and to questioning it neither very philosophically nor patiently. The results of error have been too appalling for those who have seen and suffered to be cool tempered and easy going. Mr. Nichols knows that his stories are not too simple to interpret and so he furnishes the reviewer with an excellent preamble to go upon, in which he tells one quite straightforwardly what themes he was concerned with. "The Smile of the Sphinx", a charming fairy tale that begins after the old method, "Long, long ago there dwelt in the pleasant City-of-Towers a young princess", etc., deals really with the justification of life itself, though a casual reader may think he is just reading about a whimsical princess, bored by a multitude of suitors, who promises her hand to the one who will explain the smile of the Sphinx. "In the Sphinx, with her ravaged countenance and mutilated smile, I behold Life itself—Life in its mysterious might, ignorant of its own origin, conscious only of its own beauty, couchant amid the wilderness of space and eternity." This is the answer the lover brings who has wandered some thirty years to get the solution and at the end is unromantic enough to prefer the Sphinx to the Princess.

Of "Sir Perseus and the Fair Andromeda", a most amusing little satire, the author says: "I made it as an inhabitant of Heartbreak House for inhabitants of Heartbreak House. It is an extremely sophisticated parable ending with that skillfully tender and ironic disillusion which is the last and sweetest thrill enjoyed by those who never had the courage, hardihood or as they might say, stupidity to dare the utmost."

It is interwoven with three themes, the contrast between Romantic Mediævalism and Romantic Hellenism, the contrast of Northern and Southern sentiment, and a variation on the old song:

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Nous sommes toujours en retour
A notre premier amour.

"Golgotha and Co." is the most ambitious and the most chaotic of the three tales. Without the preface the present reader would have emerged from a single reading guiltless of any definite impression as to whether she had dealt with an anarchist or a Bolshevik or what. But in the preface the author declares himself: "I am now and forever with Faust, the experimentalist, and Prometheus the Creator." To try to fathom the meanings of this tale would take at very least as many pages as the author takes to tell his story. There are moments when his fantastic method reminds one of the early Hewlett and the latest James Branch Cabell, but oftener still one thinks of Carlyle and "Sartor Resartus". At any rate Mr. Nichols has written a serious book which should be seriously studied.

Henry Kitchell Webster has gathered a dozen deftly concocted little tales such as delight the tired eyes of overworked editors of popular magazines and absorb the attention of charming stenographers going up and down the earth in the subway. The recipe for these tales is in the hands of a score or more ready writers for the magazines. The themes are journalistic: how a man bought a motor and tried to deceive his wife about it and failed; how a little country girl won a $10,000 beauty prize and had a good time and got married; how a lady in the tropics borrowed someone else's clothes and did deceive her husband about it; and how a sophisticated girl who was going to marry for money went to the movies and was converted and married for love, etc., etc.

But it is unfair to pass without saying that these stories serve an excellent purpose. They do not make you think, but when you are beginning to be sleepy they will divert your mind in the short interim before your eyes close and the world is well lost in oblivion. They do not appeal to the same audience as do the other three volumes and are not meant to appeal to it. They appeal to a much larger and more lucrative public.

The Shadowy Third and Other Stories. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page and Co.
Uncanny Stories. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Co.
Fantastica and Other Tales of Imagination. By Robert Nichols. The Macmillan Co.
The Other Story and Other Stories. By Henry Kitchell Webster. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

HIGHER FEMINISM

By Hildegarde Fillmore

THIS is a curious moment in the evolutionary development of womankind. It belongs neither to the violent reactionary nor to the far seeing progressive, but to millions of complacent women, young and old, at home or in college, in stores, offices, and factories, who consider that the Nineteenth Amendment is the aim and end of all feminist endeavor. Such a comfortable and widespread misconception can be dislodged only by direct and powerful thinking, the kind of thinking, for instance, that went into the making of "His Religion and Hers" (Century) by Charlotte Perkins Gilman. When we say that this complacency of American women *can* be shaken rather than that it *will* be, we are only asserting that Mrs. Gilman is still far in advance of her time. Such a penetrating study as she gives of religion and its power through the ages to reduce men and women to

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grotesque and suffering attitudes is abundant proof that she is still unwilling to wait for the world to catch up with her. An idealist, yes; but an impatient rather than an impractical one.

"The most widely entertained religious misconceptions rest on a morbid preoccupation with death and 'another world'; this is mainly due to the fact that they have been introduced and developed by one sex only, the male, in whose life as a hunter and fighter death was the impressive crisis; the female, the impressive crisis of whose life is birth, has an essentially different outlook, much more in line with social progress." The least important phase of this book is the business of proving the first half of that premise. Because it is a daring theory, and because Mrs. Gilman has taken evidence from history, science, philosophy, and her own inexhaustible fund of common sense and built for it a supporting structure distinguished by ingenuity rather than utility, there is danger that the idea of man made religion will overshadow the real message of the book. A preacher first and foremost, the author of "His Religion and Hers" has one gospel, the improvement of the condition of women as the real progenitors of the human race.

When a prophet's eyes are set on a bright but distant horizon, the disturbances that come between him and the vision cannot help but annoy. Through Mrs. Gilman's caustic wit and occasional satirical passes there gleams a definite note of impatience toward the mess that women have made of freedom. We resent it, but we know that it is better than the spectacle of suffrage leaders, after a half century of warfare, laying down their arms to enjoy the fruits of victory in an orgy of reminiscence. There is no mellow reminiscent flavor about Mrs. Gilman's writing. Though she calls her book "a study of the faith of our fathers and the work of our mothers", there is an impelling forward urge to her writing that might easily refer to the parents of tomorrow rather than to those of yesterday. In her lifetime she has worn the mantles of many arts to present her message. That religion has now become a sword fashioned to her hand is no indication that she is swerving from the goal of her higher feminism. In an age bereft of prophets, one may be grateful for the sincerity of her gift, though it lack the elements of patience and compassion that distinguish a great teacher.

His Religion and Hers. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. The Century Co.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY

By W. N. C. Carlton

IN one of his "As I Like It" essays, Professor William Lyon Phelps recently paid an obviously sincere and graceful tribute to librarians, adding that "they are perhaps our most civilized class because there is something in the daily society of thousands of books that makes for civilization." Such a compliment from so authoritative a source is almost without parallel in the modern annals of librarianship. For, whether the most civilized or not, the librarians are certainly the most inconspicuous of our professional classes. Not one person in a million can name the heads of the three largest libraries in the United States. We have at least six institutions, each possessing over a million volumes, whose successful administra-

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tion requires talent of the biggest "Big. Business" order, but the names of their librarians are almost unknown save in library circles.

Historically, the Golden Age of librarianship lies far back in antiquity when librarians, as guardians and interpreters of sacred books and official records, ranked with high priests and great officers of state. In ancient Egypt they frequently attained posts of the highest distinction; several were prime ministers and one even became a king. Amusing as it seems now, the Egyptian librarians were often the companions and confidants of royalty, and second only to kings and gods in the respect, rank, and honors accorded them. And yet, many a modern multimillionaire might profit by the daily companionship of a high minded, genial man of books.

"The American Public Library" by Arthur E. Bostwick, Ph. D., the distinguished head of the St. Louis Library, has been for more than a decade the standard work describing the history, objects, and methods of the public libraries in the United States. This thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged edition will confirm its unchallenged position as the best existing survey and exposition of a subject in which all Americans ought to feel an especial pride and about which they need not fear to boast. For the modern public library is preeminently an American idea made a brilliant reality by the intelligence, labor, and self sacrifice of three generations of gifted, modest, unselfish American men and women, particularly women. As a result of their efforts both Europe and Asia sit at our feet today in all matters pertaining to the organization and administration of public libraries and the activities associated with them. In France, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, India, China, and Japan, natives of these countries who have been trained in our library schools and libraries are introducing and applying American ideas and methods. The fine League of Nations library at Geneva was organized and is being administered by an American woman librarian.

Originating in the mid-nineteenth century, the public library movement has progressed with extraordinary rapidity, responding quickly to the ever widening circle of democratic needs, adapting itself to swiftly changing educational experiments, and linking up with a wide variety of sociological agencies. As Dr. Bostwick says, it is now thoroughly "socialized".

> This is the meaning of the great multiplication of facilities in the modern library—the lending of books for home use, free access to shelves, cheerful and homelike library buildings, rooms for children, co-operation with schools, inter-library loans, longer hours of opening, more useful catalogues and lists, the extension of branch library systems, of travelling and home libraries, co-ordination of work through lectures and exhibits—the thousand and one activities that distinguish the modern library from its more passive predecessor.

All these phases of library work and many others are lucidly explained by Dr. Bostwick in a forthright and breezy style that gives life and vigor to his narrative. Even after a quarter century of absorption in the matters he describes, I have repeatedly found my interest quickened by his freshness of viewpoint or newly aroused by his contagious enthusiasm. And I have also learned a lot of things I never knew before. Librarians and laymen alike will find "The American Public Library" stimulating, informing, and eminently readable.

The American Public Library. By Arthur E. Bostwick. Third edition, revised and enlarged. D. Appleton and Co.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

ROBERT FROST'S "NEW HAMPSHIRE"

By Louis Untermeyer

IT is somewhat more than seven years since Frost, following "North of Boston" with an equally characteristic though less integrated volume, published "Mountain Interval". The latter work never succeeded to the popularity of its famous forerunner, and for no other reason but its very lack of unity. "North of Boston" presented a pattern — to many a dark and terrible pattern — in its interknit New England monologues; "Mountain Interval" scattered its effects, introduced new inflections, puzzled the admirers of Frost's "grey monotones" by an infusion of bright colors. Yet some of this poet's finest moments are in the lesser known book. Nothing from the more popular collection will last longer than the dramatically suspended "Snow", the idyllic "Birches", or the intensity of the "Hill Wife" lyrics; even "The Death of the Hired Man" scarcely surpasses the charged pathos of "An Old Man's Winter Night".

And now, after seven years, we have "New Hampshire" which, structurally, is a cross between both its predecessors. With an almost equal division of narratives and lyrics, it seems to recall "Mountain Interval", but the unity of "North of Boston" is achieved by a peculiar and simple device. "New Hampshire" pretends to be nothing but a long poem with notes and grace notes, and the title poem (some fourteen pages long) purports merely to celebrate Frost's favorite state. Very gravely, the rambling tribute to the state that "hasn't much of anything to sell" is starred and dotted with scientific numerals in the manner of the most profound treatise, the references being to poems that look at first as if they were only inserted to reenforce the text. In reality, these explanatory "notes" are some of the richest poems of our time, poems steeped in that extraordinary blend of intellect and emotion which is Frost's particular magic. Thus the tiny numeral after the line:

> She has one witch—old style[1]

refers us to [1]"The Witch of Coös", one of the most singularly related ghost stories in poetry. Thus, another strange narrative is introduced in this way:

> I met a Californian who would
> Talk California—a state so blessed,
> He said, in climate none had ever died there
> A natural death, and Vigilance Committees
> Had had to organize to stock the graveyards[2]
> And vindicate the state's humanity.
> "Just the way Stefansson runs on," I murmured,
> "About the British Arctic. That's what comes
> Of being in the market with a climate."

[2] Cf. page 51, "Place for a Third."

But is it a different poet that breaks silence after seven years with so unusual an arrangement? Will the admirers of the earlier Frost fail to find him in this strange composition?

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Frost himself might answer with the words of the first poem in his first book:

They would not find me changed from him
they knew—
Only more sure of all I thought was true.

Nothing, really, has changed. The idiom is clearer, the convictions have deepened — the essential things, the point of view, the tone of voice, remain the same. The following imaginative lyric is typical of the later Frost. It would be easy to point to it as a proof of Frost's maturer warmth and show how with the increase of years his style has grown more genial — were it not for the fact that this poem was written at the age of twenty and published in "The Youth's Companion" in 1896. As readers of "New Hampshire" will look for it in vain, I take the liberty of quoting it in full:

THE FLOWER-BOAT

The fisherman's swapping a yarn for a yarn
Under the hand of the village barber;
And here in the angle of house and barn
His deep-sea dory has found a harbor.

At anchor she rides the sunny sod
As full to the gunnel of flowers growing
As ever she turned her home with cod
From George's Bank when winds were
blowing.

And I judge from that Elysian freight
That all they ask is rougher weather,
And dory and master will sail by fate
To seek for the Happy Isles together.

And here, in "New Hampshire" — in exactly the same half playful, half pathetic accents, in precisely the same curious pitch — is an exquisite and similar fantasy:

A BOUNDLESS MOMENT

He halted in the wind, and—what was that
Far in the maples, pale, but not a ghost?
He stood there bringing March against his
thought,
And yet too ready to believe the most.

"Oh, that's the Paradise-in-bloom," I said;
And truly it was fair enough for flowers
Had we but in us to assume in March
Such white luxuriance of May for ours.

We stood a moment so in a strange world,
Myself as one his own pretense deceives;
And then I said the truth (and we moved
on):
A young beech clinging to its last year's
leaves.

It is this colloquially colored extravagance, this deceptive conversational tone, which is so full of spiritual implications. It is the picture first ("The fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows") but it never remains a purely pictorial representation. Beneath the light touch of such a poem, one is conscious of suggested depths, of a quiet but compelling affirmation, of a faith great enough to dare to believe too much. "Two Look at Two" repeats this confidence with a more personal emotion — again in the framework of a picture—drenched in the trembling colors and quivering tenderness of twilight.

What change there is, is one of emphasis. It seems incredible that most of the appraisers of Frost's previous work spoke chiefly of its grimness, whereas its whimsicality, though less obvious, was equally pronounced. In "Mountain Interval", the occasional quizzical raillery of "North of Boston" was more apparent, the momentary descent of the eyelash was perceptibly prolonged; in "New Hampshire" it declares itself on every page. The very form of the new book is an extended piece of badinage; the long title poem is a broad smile from beginning to end; the most serious of the narratives sparkle with a slily intimate banter. This increase in humor, so rich in its varying timbres,

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will irritate the literal minded almost as much as it will delight those to whom fact and fantasy are not inimical opposites but continually shifting facets of the same many sided thing. The orthodox Cambridgian (Mass.), for example, will boil over at such an outrageous heresy as:

> Her husband was worth millions. I think he owned some shares in Harvard College.

The critics who concluded that Frost was too overburdened with his lonely farms and isolated cottages, who maintained that he could never be "whimsical or quaint", will scarcely know what to make of this volume in which practically every poem proceeds from a magnified whimsicality. There will be those who, granting the charm of this elfin imagination, may question its use in such serious themes. Yet what is poetry but metaphor — what is it but the establishing of a congruity between apparently unrelated things? What then is metaphor but the child of whimsy?

So much has been made of Frost's factual realism that at the risk of being redundant I insist that, beneath the surface naturalism, his work is distinguished — even impelled — by a rare and fantastic mind. This side of Frost's genius has been so underemphasized that I may be allowed to overstress it by directing attention to the fundamental quaintness of conception of "Paul's Wife", the extraordinarily adroit "An Empty Threat", "A Star in a Stone-Boat", that lovely chain of tercets, and "Wild Grapes", which is a feminine complement to "Birches".

But it is in the lyrics that Frost's warmth is most apparent. There are few circumlocutory asides, few *sotto voce* murmurs, in these direct communications — only a firm intensity. A great love of the New England countryside, of earth itself, surges from such poems as "Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening", "Gathering Leaves", "In a Disused Graveyard", and the brightly ironic "The Need of Being Versed in Country Things". A less physical and almost unearthly passion speaks in the beautiful though troubled lines of "To Earthward", the mystical sonority of "I Will Sing You One-O", and the condensed wisdom of "Fire and Ice". I consider the last, one of the greatest epigrammatic poems in the English language; every line — and there are only nine altogether — seems to have been carved in crystal. Similarly concentrated, though in far lighter accents, is this perfectly balanced composition. It seems so spontaneous and integrated a song that it is interesting to note that the first six lines were composed a score of years ago, Frost having waited twenty years for the last two.

> Nature's first green is gold,
> Her hardest hue to hold.
> Her early leaf's a flower;
> But only so an hour.
> Then leaf subsides to leaf.
> So Eden sank to grief,
> So dawn goes down to day.
> Nothing gold can stay.

In the very simplicity of these lines we have the unaffected originality of Frost. With absolute freedom from contemporary fashions, technical trickery, or the latest erudite slang, Frost has created a poetry which is at one time full of heat and humor, a poetry that belongs not only to the America of our own day but to the richest records of English verse.

New Hampshire: A Poem with Notes and Grace Notes. By Robert Frost. Henry Holt and Co.

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RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

"TRUTH O' Women, Last Words from Long Vanished Ladies" (Appleton) is a little book of verse giving Josephine Daskam Bacon's conception of what women think about when they have been dead a while. One who has been writing many years about her own sex, probably knows. This volume is composed of short bits of free verse with cleverly used rhythms that express the character or the emotion of the woman who is speaking. They do not generalize about the affairs of the world, these long vanished ladies, they remember something they did that they ought not to have done or something they left undone that they now wish they had to think about. Almost always it is concerned with a man—a husband, a son, most often a lover. After all, women are emotional creatures and sentimental at heart; and perhaps when they are dead they will be willing to admit it. Some of the verses have a truly poetic conception and a few are touched with a depth of feeling that makes them really beautiful.

In describing the varying moods of the Comic Spirit, George Meredith, if memory serves, failed to include what we Americans define as "just plain foolishness". It is true that this particular type of humor, born of a heightened sense of the ridiculous in everything alien to America, is an indigenous product. We cannot imagine an Englishman writing "More Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy" (Putnam), nor can we picture anyone on the other side of the Atlantic relishing them with the same zest that we do. Wallace Irwin's Togo is a clown on the perilous tightrope of the American idiom. We, the audience, follow his amusing contortions with gasps of delight and shrieks of laughter when the grinning little Jap loses the footing he has so conscientiously gained and falls amid an ignominious clatter of adverbs. Admirers of the earnest Hashimura will find in this latest edition of his linguistic acrobatics the familiar sideswipes at our manners and customs. "Votes for Ladies has made politics too sexual", he declares, and his animadversions on the Hon. Radio and Charity Drives are priceless. The Ralph Barton drawings provoke a correspondingly high degree of risibility.

"Christ or Mars?" shrieks Will Irwin's title (Appleton). Then having attracted your attention in true journalistic style, Mr. Irwin becomes calmer and sets forth some excellent arguments against the folly and wickedness of war. Its utter wastefulness is especially stressed in this book; the fact that there is no gain possible, either for the victor or the vanquished. From a social, economic, or spiritual point of view, it is sheer loss, not only to the nations participating in it but, because of the greater interdependence of the world these days, to even neutral nations as well. Mr. Irwin also hints that by eliminating the best blood of a generation, war so weakens the stock that any further warfare might result in the dominance of the black or yellow race in the place of the degenerated white. From his own experience as a war correspondent he

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gives examples of its cruelty to the individual, its horror to a country, and the harm done by the hatred that it produces. His arguments are simple and clear and unprejudiced, and one hopes that he is not over-optimistic in his belief that war can be stopped and that America can stop it.

At last Djuna Barnes "has been persuaded to give the world" "A Book" (Boni, Liveright). *Pastiche* best describes its general effect. We are offered a few drawings, a few poems, a few stories, a few plays. Through it all we inhale the unmistakable odor of Macdougal Street. We get none of the pseudo-bohemianism of our Village tea rooms, but rather the more intense, more earnest, more vital bohemianism of a sensitive individual. There is nothing here to suit many tastes. The drawings are macabre; the writing sometimes seems strained in its efforts to be close to life. There will be readers who will find it sordid in spots. For our part, we do not want to seem too sparing in our praise when we pronounce it not at all a dainty dish to set before the king.

"It is at any rate a tempting experiment for criticism to try. Suppose we have courage and try it." This quotation typifies the spirit of the essays in "Men of Letters" by Dixon Scott (Doran). Its application, usually through brilliant paradox, leads most often to the discovery of a new virtue or a new quality in some writer who has already been praised. And although the comparative universality of approbation has a slight tendency to cloy, Mr. Scott generally succeeds in making his glittering points convince. Kipling, Granville-Barker, and William Morris receive the most interesting treatment; there is also a long and somewhat disconcerting apology for George Bernard Shaw. The volume was first published shortly after the author's death at Gallipoli, in 1916. He was at that time (as opportunity offered) engaged in revising it; but it is entirely satisfactory in its present form, and opens the new English "Bookman Library" propitiously.

Dorothea Moore is the author of a small book of verse called "Selvage" (Stratford). It contains about thirty short poems, a few epigrams, and some over-sentimental prose. Whatever of merit the book has lies in a few of the verses. Occasionally Mrs. Moore seems to reach her aspirations; but for the most part, while the start may be good the poems taper down, losing by clumsy lines or forced sentiment the value of the beginning. There is none too much original thought here, either. But perhaps one good verse justifies a volume; if so, "Age" makes this worthwhile.

With all due respect for the ancients, it must be said that "poems from the Greek anthology done into English verse by A. J. Butler" contain no intellectual, emotional, or æsthetic stimulus, to this reviewer, anyhow. Any one of a dozen moderns offers more. It may be that we mistake the purpose of the book—"Amaranth and Asphodel" (Houghton Mifflin). Perhaps it is only to exhibit what the Greeks (and A. J. Butler) did without any intent to delight as verse. If so, the reviewer must say that the book contains the poems in both Greek and English; that it catches deftly "the essential graces of Greek poetry" (which remark was made by the London "Times"); and that it fits the average pocket.

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Persons who have failed to understand the recently revived interest in the works of Lafcadio Hearn will find no new explanation in his "Essays in European and Oriental Literature" (Dodd, Mead) arranged and edited by Albert Mordell. These essays have been taken from the old files of the New Orleans "Times-Democrat" and represent Mr. Hearn's efforts between 1882 and 1887. They reflect the same attitude toward realism and idealism that characterized his later writings, and the same interest in the literature of the Far East. They are written in a journalistic style, in too short form for any extended defense of the positions taken. Perhaps the enthusiasts of Mr. Hearn will enjoy the book, but for those whose interest is lukewarm at best, there is little of entertainment. Nothing is added to the man's reputation by these bits of writing taken from a temporary grave that, for the writer's sake, should have been permanent.

Professor Edward M. East's "Mankind at the Crossroads" (Scribner) is not merely a plea for "the control of human reproduction, the freedom of the family to build firmly for the next generation by intent rather than by hazard, the opportunity of fulfilling the social responsibility of the individual to the family and to the nation with due regard for the health of the mother, the efficiency of the father, the welfare of the children and the stamina of the race"; but a warning that unless this remedy is adopted there will be trouble. For the benefit of those who cannot accept man's control of his reproductive function as axiomatic, Professor East draws upon the facts of population growth and the facts of agricultural economics to show that the fulfilment of the Malthusian prophecy is imminent. Hence, "Man stands to-day at the parting of the ways, with the choice of controlling his own destiny or of being tossed about until the end of time by the blind forces of the environment in which he finds himself."

The part played by Sweden in the world war was a significant even though not a belligerent one, for she stood at the doorway both to Germany and to Russia, presented one of the widest possible channels of supplies to the Central Powers, and could maintain her neutrality only by heroic efforts in view of the fact that her man power was coveted by both battling groups alike. For this reason, interest necessarily attaches to any story of Sweden in wartime, particularly if the account be so entertaining and authoritative as that which Ira Nelson Morris supplies in "From An American Legation" (Knopf). For nine years American minister to Sweden, Mr. Morris was in a position to glean much valuable inside information; and this he presents to us in a volume abounding in concrete facts and written in a discursive but interesting style. He supplies many sidelights upon the conduct of the war and the treatment of spies and prisoners, and ends by indicating the materialistic outlook that the war has induced even in a country relatively so unaffected as Sweden.

It appears that among those who cultivate the outdoor hobbies are hundreds of thousands of mountain climbers. For them and for those who would follow in their track Francis A. Collins's "Mountain Climbing" (Century) is written. It covers the continents, tells its "romantic story" of altitudinal conquest in the practical

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terms of proper training, rope lengths, guides, etc., and offers a comprehensive handbook of the "science of climbing" in a physical sense. As a record and manual of purely physical achievement it may even interest those who think the climbing of intellectual and moral heights more important than scaling mundane mountain tops — and coming down again.

Now Harry Furniss, a onetime cartoonist on "Punch", has done it, and in "Some Victorian Women" (Dodd, Mead) we have yet another volume of gossip of prominent Personages. Of all the long list of such books, swelling every day, it can best be compared to Horace Wyndham's "The Nineteen Hundreds". We must confess that Furniss's book seems a little flat beside Wyndham's. Somehow his terms of intimacy with these Personages seem less convincingly familiar — a nearly fatal failing. Yet the volume contains a fascination which we can't escape. It is the fascination that comes with all sprightly gossip. Even when the gossip is so sprightly that the characters must masquerade as Lady S— and Lord X—, the fascination remains. If this fascination is a weakness, it is a human weakness, and in making capital of it our author has given us a pleasant evening.

A hundred points of view regarding H. G. Wells are possible; there is an equal temptation to underrate and to overestimate him; and it is certain that the last word about him will not be spoken for many years to come. Yet R. Thurston Hopkins, in his study of "H. G. Wells" (Dutton), makes a reasonable evaluation of the man and one that is likely to satisfy the majority even though it will provoke discussion in many; he considers both the personality and the writings of Wells, both his career and his influence, and provides a critical survey which, while not attempting to be profound, is at least discerning and informative. One may get an idea of Mr. Hopkins's style and of the general trend of his thought from his statement that Wells "has the great art which is lacking in the rest of us — the art of turning the vision of the dreamer into portable wisdom —short, sharp spear thrusts which we all can remember. . . . On every page he challenges the intellectual progress of his readers."

Courtney Ryley Cooper's "Under the Big Top" (Little, Brown) catches hold of one's imagination. In a very little while one is following a circus parade, the elephants are hauling the wagons out of the mud, the lion that broke loose is back in its cage, the baby hippopotamus which was "a full ton of fat sadness, crying for something it could not name", is less lonely. The spirit of the circus, the courage and teamwork of those who belong in it are made so vivid that one forgives the lack of coordination in the incidents and the quality of the writing.

It requires more than a love of something to justify the lover's breaking into song, and Anthony Euwer is unable to make his poems of the far west unusual, despite his affection for his subject. "By Scarlet Torch and Blade" (Putnam) contains many faulty rhymes, and the writer is not genius enough to be able to afford them. But this is not the only fault, for the verses never in thought or construction get away from the thousands of ordinary metrical compositions. The forests and the mountains inspire Mr.

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Euwer, but he uses his inspiration unsatisfactorily.

Mary Roberts Rinehart has been deceived. To the women who read her articles as they come out in the magazines it may seem that she is really living the rough and ready life, as she thinks she is, when she leaves the comforts of home for the unsettled acreage of the west. Persons who have lived in the west and who go into the mountains because they love them know that Mrs. Rinehart does not "rough it". Irvin Cobb once wrote a series of articles called "Travelling De Luxe", which title recurs to one when reading "The Out Trail" (Doran), Mrs. Rinehart's account of adventuring away from room and bath. If the western girl were able and willing to go camping after the fashion of Mrs. Rinehart, she would feel that all the roughness had been extracted from the Rockies. Solid comfort — that is what Mrs. Rinehart takes with her, and she lets the men carry and cook it! It may be great stuff for easterners, but it is tame for those who know the mountains of the west. However, the de luxe aspect of Mrs. Rinehart's traveling does not lessen her easy grace in telling about it, and for the eastern woman who has to stay at home, and for the western woman who never dropped a fly into a trout stream — and there are many of them — here is vicarious relaxation from fulfilling civilization's demands.

"Lady Rose Weigall" by Rachel Weigall (Appleton) is interesting as an account of a long, active life led during the Victorian era, and in the minor sidelights it affords of many celebrities of that period. Lady Weigall was a daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, niece of the Waterloo Duke of Wellington, and the wife of Henry Weigall, the artist. She may be said to have been a true aristocrat, in the sense that she made the most of her opportunities for culture and, especially, for the assistance of her less fortunate neighbors. Her lifelong friendship with H.R.H. Grand Duchess Louise of Baden enabled her to do splendid work throughout the war; the most generally interesting section of the memoirs is that which contains the letters of the two friends during that period. One has no desire to proclaim "Lady Rose Weigall" from the housetops, but for a quiet, friendly book of memoirs it does quite well indeed.

In "Narrative Technique" (Harcourt, Brace), Thomas H. Uzzell has worked out a practical course in literary psychology based upon the methods of Walter B. Pitkin of Columbia University. It is a most careful outline, emphasizing systematic practice in combining materials needed for a convincing narrative. The book is planned for advanced English students and for such free lance writers as are having difficulty with problems of technique. It is decidedly a drill book and aims so to train the student that eventually correct narrative structure will become an assimilated and unconscious part of his writing.

The "Marxism Versus Socialism" (Columbia University) of Dr. Vladimir G. Simkhovitch, from such hasty examination as its chaotic presentation asks for, seems to be a veiled plea for a "liberal" taking over of whatever Socialistic machinery we are forced to, to save ourselves from becoming a completely socialized State. It may be safely recommended as a

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treatise guaranteeing to tell students of social science wishing information on Marxism *versus* Socialism the least modicum of information of things in general. Hardly any work could be more successful in the matters of confusing issues, generalizing details of theory and practice, and, especially, exemplifying how considerable an element is personal bias when quoting one with whom you are constitutionally unsympathetic. It is thoroughly representative of the thinking and writing of the date of its first issue: the good old war hatching date 1913.

Swinburne wrote the article on Keats for the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Those who read the article will see that the cautious editors found it necessary to supplement Swinburne's essay with a few paragraphs giving such essential facts of the poet's life as the dates of his birth and death and the names of his parents. Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company might well have done a similar service for Sir George Arthur's "Sarah Bernhardt". The recital of various events in the career of the Divine Sarah is pleasant enough reading, but anyone who takes up the book to find out when Bernhardt was born, or whom she married, or who her children were, will seek in vain. There is much talk of difficulties with the Comédie-Française and broken contracts. There are stories of trips abroad and tales of the actress in two great wars, and much mention of other great actresses, notably Duse and Rachel. That's the kind of book it is.

Aside from its punnish qualities, "The Light Guitar" (Harper) seems to us to be a thoroughly apt title for this latest collection of Arthur Guiterman's verse. Plaintive or gay, mocking or tender, the poet strums with equal effectiveness beneath the window of his love and to the accompaniment of the jester's tinkling bauble and smacking bladders. We like him best in cap and bells. With the possible exception of Oliver Herford and F. P. A., there is no writer of light verse who takes such unaffected joy in knocking rhymes together for the sheer delight of hearing them clink. As subjects for the delectation of the mirthful muse, the absurdities of this modern world are truly inexhaustible. Sex, jazz, publishers, and other aspects of contemporary folly, worn as they are with much heavy footed manipulation, seem to require just the sort of treatment they receive at Mr. Guiterman's hands. We do not agree with the jacket commentator that he is "the most American of all poets"; he is too delightfully close to the spirit of the mediæval gleeman.

The Ford halo has bobbed its ubiquitous way into many strange places. Concomitantly with its arrival in the circle of presidential possibilities, it appears in a book (Little, Brown) by Mr. Ford's ex-pastor, ex-personnel manager, the Reverend Samuel S. Marquis. Herein the Ford halo, if not precisely destroyed, is certainly cocked at a most unsaintly angle. The many questions which it is assumed most people ask about his subject are answered by Dr. Marquis candidly, if somewhat jocularly, but always with sympathy toward Ford. The Reverend Marquis is one of the automobile king's oldest friends and has no ax to grind, yet his portrayal raises grave doubts as to the mental superiority, business acumen, and even plain kindliness of one of our captains of industry.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

When Edith Wharton writes a book which leaps at one bound to a pitch of popularity above that achieved by the current works of Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton-Porter there is, as the late Dr. Munyon consistently maintained, hope. That is what has happened in November. The fact furnishes another prop for the thesis, so often hopefully advanced and as often vigorously denied, that in order to reach the larger group of readers it is not necessary to write badly. A book, however well written, which has a story of elemental interest to tell, has almost as good a chance for popular success as the same story badly told. This assertion will doubtless be challenged, but there are enough instances in the five years of the "Monthly Score" which this one rounds out to back it up.

There are other interesting manifestations in this month's score. While the old favorites remain in the general list, for the most part, there are two newcomers of which more will probably be heard. Judging from past performances of library readers, they will clamor for "The Outline of Literature" for a good many months to come, and will demand "The Dance of Life" in somewhat more subdued tones but perhaps just as frequently. Indeed, it seems at times, to one analyzing the reports of books in demand, as if the American people were only beginning to realize that books of almost any kind can be read by almost anybody, and were showing symptoms of a "book craze" as widespread and perhaps as indiscriminate as the movie craze.—F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Black Oxen	*Gertrude Atherton*	BONI
2.	A Son at the Front	*Edith Wharton*	SCRIBNER
3.	The Mine with the Iron Door	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
4.	The White Flag	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
5.	Bread	*Charles G. Norris*	DUTTON
6.	A Lost Lady	*Willa Cather*	KNOPF
7.	The Covered Wagon	*Emerson Hough*	APPLETON
8.	The Alaskan	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
9.	Doctor Nye	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
10.	Fortune's Fool	*Rafael Sabatini*	HOUGHTON

GENERAL

1.	Life of Christ	*Giovanni Papini*	HARCOURT
2.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK & WAGNALLS
3.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
5.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
6.	A Man From Maine	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
7.	The Outline of Literature	*John Drinkwater*	PUTNAM
8.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
9.	The Dance of Life	*Havelock Ellis*	HOUGHTON
10.	Up Stream	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	BONI

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Translations for Educators

JEAN PAUL, that singular old German humorist whom Carlyle admired so persistently, said on a certain occasion that "the mother-tongue is the mother of all tongues." On another occasion he asserted that "the mother-tongues are the hearts of the nations." Each contention is correct. It is the control of the native language that enables us to gain control of foreign languages; and it is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaks.

The native language, however, we should never regard as more than the capital with which we begin the business of education. This capital should be made to bear interest in the form of added, varied, and widening knowledge gained from the stores of stimulation buried in the foreign tongues. Our greatest linguist, among our men of letters, Henry W. Longfellow, was altogether right when, in "Kavanagh", he begged that we throw open the windows, admit the light and air on all sides, look toward the four corners of the heavens, and thereby gain the "universality so much to be desired". Longfellow felt that we, more than other peoples, needed the inspiration that comes from foreign literatures because "the blood of all nations is mingling with ours." For this reason he felt that "the thoughts and feelings" of other peoples should also be given every conceivable opportunity to mingle with our own. And he knew that this could be accomplished, in the most refined sense, only through the medium of foreign literatures.

I confidently believe that the three books I have chosen for discussion this month, each a work of non-fiction, are of greater value to the American people than any three books on the same subjects could be if written by native Americans; for they open the windows at an angle and in a direction which natives naturally cannot command.

This whole business of the profit to be derived from the translations that we are importing resolves itself into a matter of home intelligence; of that special type of home intelligence for which Longfellow made so many eloquent pleas, and on behalf of which he did such splendid creative work. Longfellow was in truth our original translator. And to show that his activity did him no special harm, it might be well to recall the very sober fact that his "Psalm of Life" which, be it a great poem or not, has come to be the best known poem ever written in American-English, owes its origin direct to Goethe's "Faust". Without Longfellow's knowledge of Goethe, "Tell me not in mournful numbers" would never have been written.

Unintelligence exclaims, however, that my case in this instance is not well established. It insists that Marie Lenéru was merely a deaf and queer French woman who kept a diary. How then, it cries out, can her "Journal" be set down as a translation for educators? It is probably as valuable a document straight from the human heart as has come out in this country since the days of Lincoln; and every line of it is educative. This great book by Professor Willmann, prejudice ex-

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claims (and prejudice is merely a synonym for unintelligence), is by a Catholic and therefore partizaned. It is by a Catholic, but you would never know it unless you looked up the *vita* of the author. It might have been written by any man of any creed who is sagacious and judicious. And Professor Jespersen's treatise, the uninformed remark, is written in English, so how can it be listed among translations? It is written in English, but it was originally written in Danish and then translated into English by the author himself. And Sir Sidney Lee, a fair authority, has gone on record to the effect that Otto Jespersen, son of little Denmark and professor at indescribable Copenhagen, knows more about the English language than any other man living.

The facts of Marie Lenéru's life (1875-1918) are given in the preface of this volume. Therefore we need state only that her father died when she was two years old, that she came of a family of sailors, that Admiral Dauriac was her maternal grandfather, that her childhood was passed at Brest; that, at the request of her mother, she began to keep a diary when she was ten, that she suffered much from ill health, including stone deafness, and that she left Paris, during the world war bombardment, with real despair, only to die "with a smile and without a regret" just as the American forces reached the outskirts of the Argonne and began their matchless drive through.

She did not jot down something every day; no good diarist does; for, it matters not who we may be, there are days in the lives of all of us when nothing happens. But what she says bears the priceless stamp of sincerity and originality, the two outstanding virtues of real literature. She remarks that she never says her prayers as faithfully in the morning as she does in the evening, for she is not so afraid of dying during the day as she is during the night. There is an encyclopædia of theology in that, but you cannot persuade an organization churchman to use that kind of language. She sees a marine procession in Brest one day; the band plays Chopin's "Funeral March". She cannot hear a note, but she knows that it is beautiful, for it makes the men walk so slowly, rhythmically, and seriously. There is a world of instinct and observation in that.

In Paris she notes that people flock to the Louvre to study books and pictures and music, and then she adds: "These people who learn all the languages make all the voyages, and will always remain so evidently commonplace. Ah, it is not intelligent things that make intelligent people!" There is a world of wisdom in that, too. The unfortunate but gifted woman means that you cannot become intelligent by merely opening the windows, that is, by mere association with things that have been created by intelligence. You have got to think about them until, in your mind and soul, you can and do recreate them.

There are legions of men and women on Manhattan Island who fancy that they are becoming educated by visiting the galleries and going to the symphonies. There are other legions of "educators" in this country who fancy that they are keeping right up with their profession if they go to Europe during the summer. If they would only stay at home and read one good book! But to quote Jean Paul again, "There is more benefit to be derived from writing one good line than from reading one good book."

Marie Lenéru says, "We call style,

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having style; being literary." Style, however, to her has nothing to do with grammar. It is a matter of thought, observation. This is a powerful truth. And the other two books before me bear it out; for each is replete with observations, the one regarding the history of education, the other concerning the nature of the English language. Jespersen's is the most fascinating book of a purely philological kind I have ever read, and seeming arrogance prompts me to say that I have read many. I may also state that Willmann's book appeals to me, in its altogether admirable translation, as the most significant work on the subject that has appeared in this country since Paul Monroe brought out the "Cyclopædia of Education".

Otto Willmann (1839-1907), long professor at Leipzig and at Prague, honorary doctor of the University of Louvain, has written a work of one hundred and five chapters. Someone exclaims: "Then that is a work done with typical *Deutsche Gründlichkeit*, and I will have none of it." This "German thoroughness" is proverbially meant as a synonym for tediousness, abstractness, and unfeasibility. None of these substantives applies here: the work is diverting, concrete, and practical. It is, in fact, another "Outline". Since it was written nearly twenty years ago, it might be called a forerunner of the outline series.

There is no country that is neglected, and no phase of education that is slighted. My own interests naturally drew me to the sections dealing with the teaching of languages, and it moved my heart within me to hear this sound and seasoned old scholar berate instruction in languages in so far as it does nothing more than enable people to talk in another tongue without saying anything.

Equally captivating is his detailed discussion of the transition that became necessary in the school system with the beginning of the present era. Men had to teach the works of the "heathen" in "Christian" schools. How could they go about it? St. Jerome had, for example, a vision in which the "Divine Judge" hurled this accusation at him: "Man, thou art not Christ's, thou art Cicero's." That gave rise to a measure of embarrassment; but Jerome decided that he would assume the same attitude toward Cicero that a bee takes with regard to a flower: He would not endeavor to assimilate the whole of Cicero, but only so much as he felt was good for him. But when through with Cicero he found precious little that was deserving of abandonment or denunciation.

It is worth thinking about, particularly in this day when the term so frequently used, in educational circles, is "Christian education". The institutions that lay the most open and confessed emphasis on the adjective are the very ones in which the Latin language or literature is most vigorously taught. But every one of the Latin writers studied in schools and colleges was non-Christian if not un-Christian, and on their own account the slogan of the Cæsars, and of the writers who wrote in their day, was *Roma, Roma, super omnia.* Yet this is all forgotten and Latin is popular — because what the Latin writers wrote is in good form. Goethe never had a greater admirer than Longfellow, and yet Longfellow states in his "Journal" that Horace's ode entitled "Ad Thaliarchum" is in better form than Goethe's poems.

This is but one small phase of Willmann's monumental work. It covers the entire field from the beginning to about 1900; it is a book on "education"

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as opposed to "training"; it reveals a marked interest in and a kindly, sympathetic attitude toward the American university. If it becomes a bit unctuous in the very concluding chapter, which leaves the impression more or less of having been affixed, it is only fair to remember that it was written in a Germany which had gone in for training as opposed to education, and by a scholar who saw where such a movement would lead. The lead has been taken, with results known to all the world; this shows that Willmann was right. If the editorial, as opposed to the news, side of his book fails to convince us at times, we may fall back on the immense body of facts the author has marshaled and interpret them to suit ourselves, remaining in the meantime aware that these data have been assembled by as profound a scholar as has written on education in modern times.

There is nothing drier than philology when handled by a typical German, or an American for that matter when German-trained. There are few subjects more interesting than philology when an Otto Jespersen takes hold of it. He opens his book with a chapter in which he shows that the prime characteristic of the English language is its masculinity. His argument never halts, his illustrations go home. He commends English for its sobriety of expression; he likes to hear an Englishman say, "She is rather good looking", where a Frenchman is convinced that she is *ravissante*. Many peoples, the Germans among them, have contended that just as the Englishman, ruling the seas, looks down on others with contempt, so does he display his egotism by his incessant capital "I". Jespersen says this is rank calumny; that the "I" came about quite simply from the orthographic habit in the Middle Ages of using the "long i" (that is "j" or "I") when the letter was isolated, or formed the last letter of a group. He finds English sensible where other languages are artificial. Witness the Italian saying *Vossa mercê* (Your Grace) to shopkeepers. For English spelling, however, he adheres to his old loathing: "That pseudo-historical and anti-educational abomination, English spelling."

His chapter on the contributions the Danes have made to the English language in general must be the best that has ever been written on this subject. And, good Scandinavian that Jespersen is, he also treats the contributions of the Norwegians, for the Danes and the Norwegians spoke the same language until relatively recent years.

Valuable indeed is his section on vocabularies. He leaves the worn contention that Shakespeare had a vocabulary of 21,000 words while Milton muddled through on a scant 7,000, without a leg to stand on. He remarks wisely enough that the vocabulary Milton has handed down never came within even imaginary reach of ordinary things. That is, there is nothing said in "Paradise Lost" about the things of daily life. But are we to fancy that John Milton could not refer to a skillet or a stew? Moreover, Jespersen tried out the best Milton Concordance (Bradshaw's) only to find twenty-one words on one page of "Areopagitica" that were not recorded. And when he is through with the old, old statement that the average laborer has a vocabulary of about 500 words, you feel like becoming loquacious in defense of the laborer's volubility.

To me, however, the most interesting feature of Jespersen's work, from a moral point of view, is the changed attitude he has taken toward an artifi-

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cial language as a medium of international communication. Heretofore he has been strongly inclined to favor such cerebral offshoots of the odd members of the human family as Esperanto, Volapük, etc., etc. Now he comes out, at least by implication, for English as a world language. His book is in itself a magnificent argument.

He is manifestly impressed by the fact that whereas English was spoken by only 30,000,000 people in 1800, that number had leaped to 119,000,000 in 1900, and to 150,000,000 in 1912. Closer than this to the present he does not come, for a professor, even an Otto Jespersen, regards it as good form to remain behind the times. English is spoken in 1923 by nearly 200,000,000, and Jespersen himself predicts that "in the near future the number of English-speaking people will increase considerably."

When this prophecy is fulfilled, the world will be much nearer to that great desideratum, an acceptable world language. Its complete fulfilment, however, will not mean the death of any one of the natural languages, any more than it will mean that translations are thenceforth undesirable and unnecessary. The translator will have his mission so long as Lenérus and Willmanns survive. The Jespersens, scarce though they are, always have been and always will be in a class by themselves.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

Journal of Marie Lenéru. Translation by William Aspenwall Bradley. Introduction By François de Curel. The Macmillan Co.

The Science of Education in its Sociological and Historical Aspects. By Otto Willmann. Authorized Translation from the Fourth German Edition by Felix M. Kirsch. Two volumes. Beatty, Pennsylvania: Archabbey Press.

Growth and Structure of the English Language. By Otto Jespersen. D. Appleton and Co.

The "Pan-Ideal" and Other Themes

AS antidote to Spengler's warning cries of overthrow and dissolution, arises a new prophet of optimism who preaches the coming of a great world ideal. This is Rudolf Maria Holzapfel, son of an Austrian physician, in appearance somewhat reminiscent of that other optimist, Elbert Hubbard, but none the less a philosopher with a real new message to which the German world is eagerly listening. Holzapfel, who has spent an adventurous and varied life in many quarters of the globe, wrote his great work, which he calls "Pan-Ideal", some years ago, but in a somewhat over-esoteric and obscure form. Now enlarged, clarified, and with much new material, the book is published in its ultimate form by Diederichs of Jena. As the name implies, it is an attempt to explain, coordinate, and direct the ideal functions of the thinking man — to analyze and synthesize his soul life — to build it up to undreamed of heights of development and perfection.

Holzapfel pays particular attention to the obscure problem of the origin, development, and cultural history of conscience; in the light of his researches he has made amazing revelations concerning the process of creation by author and poet; and he comes to conclusions which, if substantiated, might revolutionize the thought of the world and provide it with an ethical religion no longer nebulous and tentative but full of content and vitality. He aims at nothing less than the complete reconstruction of the confused and shattered soul life of today on a higher plane.

Holzapfel wants to take life and "re-mould it nearer to the heart's desire"; other authors, less ambitious,

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are content to portray the escape from life as does the industrious and ever popular Waldemar Bonsels, author of "Maya the Bee", who has added another volume to the adventures, largely spiritual, of the improbable vagabond who was the hero of "Eros and the Evangelists".

Bonsels is quite frankly his own hero; and though he is a stylist of first rank and a past master in the art of interweaving piquant erotic situations, minimized with mock innocence, mysticism, and moralizing, the sense of unreality which hangs about his characters jars upon the reader and spoils his enjoyment of the writing and the cameos of nature description. Bonsels succeeds better with his minor characters than with the main figures; for all the pains which he expends upon the old idealist and eccentric, Gregor, we feel that this pedagogue of dream is but a cardboard creation, and never had his like on land or sea. The new book, which will please Bonsels's large following since it has all the characteristic excellencies of this author, is called "Narren und Helden" (Fools and Heroes), and is published by Rütten and Loening, Frankfort.

Franz Schauwecker, whose remarkable tropical animal epic "Ghavati" I wrote of on its appearance, has returned to this vein, less successfully, in a book "Die Götter und die Welt" (The Gods and the World), published by Heinrich Diekmann Verlag, Halle. He has made a strange and ambitious attempt to reconcile the early gods of the Greeks, Germans, Indians, and Persians in a delightful Olympus Valhalla which he calls Amra. Here the gods feast, Apollo sings, Aphrodite dances, and Krischna, the dusky Indian god, falls in love with flaxen Freya. Schauwecker is most successful with the gods that he invents — Yama, the God of Death, Morgane, the shadowy Fata Morgana. With the old, bright, ruthless gods of Greece he fails. They become sentimentalized, Germanic. His Aphrodite is an ingénue, his Zeus a *Familien-Vater*. And there are strange gaps in his pantheon — a glimpse of Osiris, but no Isis — no Odin, no Bacchus, no Poseidon; but he has happy inventions, as when Loki, the Norse breeder of trouble, returns with other gods to earth and becomes a Socialist leader and the Devil-god of the Communists. Schauwecker's great strength and fascination is always in his descriptions — vivid and tragic panoramas of labor and war — the characteristic national landscape about each god's palace in Amra — the dance of Aphrodite. But the end is inexcusable — Zeus and Hera, a perfect Darby and Joan, entering what is apparently heaven as "rosy footed children to begin life anew". Teutonic sentimentality! Yet the wealth of imagination lavished on the book and its extreme originality of conception make it one of the books of the season.

Walter von Molo's new novel "Auf der Rollenden Erde" (On the Rolling Earth) is somewhat similar in plan and motive to the Bonsels book, but it is as tangible as the other is nebulous. The truculent, philosophizing, argumentative, trampish hero is perhaps just as improbable, but his is an heroic improbability, like that of a Dickens character —the fellow is over life size, impressive with sheer aggressive vitality, making everyone's business his own, insistent upon others' rights, forgetful of his own — lovable, exasperating, and alive. Albert Langen, Munich, is the publisher.

Dr. Schnee, former governor of German East Africa, has published a

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large volume with the imposing title "Welt Politik" (Quelle und Meyer, Leipzig). It is a thoughtful, informative, and objectively written account of political history antecedent to, during, and subsequent to the world war. Dr. Schnee attempts to make their fatal blunders plain to his fellow Germans and to point the way to a possible future for his unfortunate country. Though the book is written primarily for Germans, its historical thoroughness and wide outlook give it considerable interest for English and Americans who appreciate the point of view of a fair minded opponent.

A beautiful book which opens up new perspectives for creators of homes is "Räume und Menschen" (Men and Rooms), by August Trueb and Hanns H. Josten, published by Walter Hädecke, Stuttgart. Taken in combination with another book from the same publisher, "Die Tapete" by Professor Gustav Pazaurek, which treats of wallpaper, historically and æsthetically considered, even including a chamber of horrors for unlucky errors of taste, it offers the reader a new vision of the possibilities of his home in relation to his personality. How far the expression of an individuality can depend upon color alone is revealed with startling clarity by the text and still more by the amazing illustrations of August Trueb. These rooms are more than a frame; they are a part of the beings who inhabit them; they are alive; they breathe. The historical examples in the second book, full of their own fascination, sometimes one of repulsion, are but introductory to the splendid reproductions of the modern wallpapers — papers with character — papers with a soul.

A most important book for collectors and art lovers is issued by the world famous art publishers Hanfstaengl, of Munich. This is an account of modern German *Ex Libris*, written by Richard Braungart, entitled "Das Moderne Deutsche Gebrauchs Ex-Libris", and supplied with four hundred illustrations. The volume devotes itself in particular to bookplates designed for actual use, very largely those designed in a playful leisure hour by famous artists for friends or family. Exquisite, original, intimate, odd, these bookplates will delight and intrigue every book lover and book possessor. Franz Hanfstaengl publish two other big and beautiful books of interest to the serious art student — a volume in the famous series "Masterpieces of the Most Famous European Galleries", devoted to "The Old Pinakothek in Munich", with three hundred splendid illustrations and introductory text by Dr. Eberhard Hanfstaengl, and "King Ludwig I's Gallery of Beauty in the Munich Residence Palace", with thirty-nine illustrations. This volume has text by Augusta von Oertzen, with an account of each beauty. The Gallery forms a veritable romance of fair women, for Ludwig I, that beauty loving monarch, took his subjects wherever he could find them, and mistresses and milkmaids, princesses and pauperesses, dancers and dames of high degree smile side by side out of the fascinating pages.

Norbert Jacques, a gifted Luxemburger, whose "Landsmann Hal", in reality a brilliant account of his doings as castle owner on the shores of the Bodensee, was one of the outstanding nature books of recent years, has written a bright little travel book "Süd-see", published by the Drei-Masken Verlag, Munich. It is a strange, surprising, and in many ways most disappointing picture which he pre-

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sents of the imagined magic islands of the Southern Seas. Jacques was there in 1914, and although the islands — in spite of the grudging reports sent home by the German colonists, who did not desire miscellaneous emigration—were in a prosperous condition, the natives were all falling sick of mysterious diseases, their old handicrafts were dying out, and the idyllic life of the colonists consisted largely of bitterly contested caste jealousies, just as at home, and in copious beer consumption in an attempt to fence off the fierce tropic heat.

One character picture of value remains in the memory — it is that of the famous Boluminski, governor of Käwieng, who kept model order within his realm, was adored by his natives and feared by his subordinates, and drove a road through the jungle as firm and well maintained as any highroad in the old country.

So the New Year brings its unfailing multitudes of books, in unfailing variety, as originally produced and as excellently printed as ever. Whatever topsy turvy commercial conditions may prevail in Germany, however the population may hunger, riot, or revolutionize, the book writing, printing, and reading go on undisturbed. Pessimists gloomily prophesy a collapse which does not come; precisely why it does not come remains one of the many riddles presented to the outside world by this remarkable people.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

Notes from France

THE year 1924 will be, in France, the year of Ronsard, as 1923 was the year of Pascal. On the occasion of the fourth centenary of the poet's birth, a bust of Pierre de Ronsard will be erected somewhere in Paris, either in the Tuileries, or in the Bois de Boulogne as Charles Maurras proposes, or in the Carrefour Médicis. One of the greatest authorities on the French Renaissance, Pierre de Nolhac, whose "Ronsard et l'Humanisme" was published last year, will now give a "Tableau de la Poésie Française au Seixième Siècle". A new and very careful edition of Ronsard's works, established by M. Vaganay, is now being printed by Garnier.

The South of France is about to celebrate the memory of its two great poets: Jasmin for the southwest, and Mistral for Provence. Both belong to the nineteenth century. Although Jasmin's "Papillotos" are well known in Gascogne, Mistral is the more famous of the two, his glory having spread far beyond the narrow limits of his native southeast. "Mireille" is almost a French classic; it restored the Provençal language as one of the important branches of the Latin linguistic tree. It is still doubtful that a new and original literature will spring up in the southern provinces of France, but there is no discussion of the fact that their civilization preceded that of the north by several centuries, and that their literature contains treasures which deserve to be better known.

The complete works of Jean Marc Bernard, a notable young writer who was killed in the war, have been published (Editions du Divan) with a preface by his friend Henri Clouard. Jean Marc Bernard, like Stendhal, was born in the province of Dauphiné and was first an exponent of *"régionalisme"*, writing some of his most harmonious pages about his homeland. He then joined the traditionalist movement and attacked in his writings such poets as Henri de Régnier and

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Vielé-Griffin, who treated the antique in a modern form. His Epicurean philosophy appears in his verse, and a personal interpretation of the French mediæval writers in his critical essays.

Readers of THE BOOKMAN have already heard about Jules Romains's regular course in poetry delivered at the Vieux-Colombier last year. In the same collection (Nouvelle Revue Française) in which Freud's "Essais sur la Sexualité" were published, the "Traité de Versification" by Jules Romains and G. Chennevière has appeared, bringing fresh material for technical controversies among poets. This much discussed book presents a free verse standpoint—from which the laws of regular versification can also be explained. Following, after fifteen years, the "Notes sur la Technique Poétique" by Georges Duhamel and Charles Vildrac, the new "Treatise" contains much that is not specifically French, but that might be applied to the prosody of any language.

In the collection of translations edited by Charles Du Bos and published by Plon, there will be a complete series of the works of Henry James. Their publication will necessarily extend over a number of years. Other books of this collection are already out: the correspondence of Goethe and Schiller, in an excellent translation by Lucien Herr from the Insel Verlag edition of 1912; five volumes of Chekhov's works; the important "Essence de l'Espagne" by Miguel de Unamuno; a selection of the "Song" poems (960-1277) translated from the Chinese; a novel by May Sinclair, etc. The next volume to appear will be a translation of James Joyce's "Dubliners".

Joseph Conrad's popularity in France is steadily growing. Under the direction of André Gide, who translated "Typhoon", a series of Conrad books are being put into French. "La Folie Almayer", translated by Miss G. Seligmann-Lui; "Sous les Yeux d'Occident" and "Lord Jim", translated by Philippe Neel (who is one of France's best translators, as he recently proved with his version of Logan Pearsall Smith's "Trivia" published in "Les Cahiers Verts"); "En Marge des Marées", translated by G. Jean-Aubry, are already out. They will be followed by "Victory", translated by Isabelle Rivière and Philippe Neel.

The last book about Einstein, published in France after the works by Borel, Bergson, Lucien Fabre, Daniel Berthelot, etc., is not a book of vulgarization. It contains a synopsis of the recent works by Einstein and Eddington, and of the lessons by Professor Langevin at the Collège de France, concerning relativity; it is aimed at an audience of scholars and engineers. The author is J. Villey. There is another new book on the subject of the Michelson-Morley experiment, by Colonel Corps, more limited in its scope.

PIERRE DE LANUX

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

To The Editor of The Bookman.

Dear Sir: It is an agreeable surprise to me to read Mr. Rodyenko's Article "Chinese Characters in American Fiction" in your issue for November, 1923.

I say it is a surprise because so few Americans know anything at all about the Chinese whom they have made it a national habit to deride and contemn, because the very small number of Americans that do know a little about us seldom take the trouble to set their confrères right, and because, especially, a Magazine as great and influential as yours should give a Chinese-championing article a chance to appear before the eyes of the American public.

But I am afraid Mr. Rodyenko is in for it! Knee-deep and over head and ears! He will stand forth in at least ten thousand pairs of eyes as a man, probably, of perverted mind, of no humor or, worse, since he acknowledged himself that he had many Chinese friends, as a propagandist for the "heathen Chinee". Anyway, to the American mind, his motive in making such a plea for them might be anything but what he had expressed in his article:

For, isn't it quite the order of the day that one race should damn those of another race without question, that the professed Christians should "down" those not so professed? What are those gold-or-earth-colored, sun-or-moon-faced old things good for but the feet and missiles of the red-blooded, bang-up, hundred-percenters, he-men and cavemen? If the latter have indulged themselves, once in a while, in a little harmless amusement at the former's expense, have the former ever dared to protest or demur? Now, the Englishmen have, perhaps, distorted and caricatured the Chinese as much as, if not more than, the Americans. Why has there been no Englishman up to make a plea for them?

All this aside, haven't the American citizen-writers to keep their pots boiling? Now, Love, Business, Success, Virtue are themes a bit threadbare; Sciences, Crimes, Spiritism, and the Sea too hard to handle; Small-Towns, Broadways, Gopher Prairies, the Wild and Woolly West, the Indians and South Sea Islands about exhausted; races other than the Chinese are apt to resent the "obvious lies". Why, then, shouldn't the writers avail themselves of their superior mentality and subtle imagination—Nature-endowed gifts—to build up "villains", "kidnapers", "assassins" of the first water out of the only deaf-and-dumb race on earth, the Chinese?

What if the Chinese opium smoking is emphasized? Don't they actually smoke as much opium as the Americans swallow the dope? They didn't fight it to the last when the "white" Christians forced opium down their yellow throats at the point of gun, did they? What if the "mysterious" Tong man is photographed and psychoanalyzed? Don't those Tongs actually plot, fight and shoot like the American yeggmen, gunmen, gangsters, Black Handers and so forth? If there has been no scruple in revealing the American Dope-swallowing, Plotting, Fighting and Shooting in American Periodicals and publications, why bother about the truth or falsehood regarding the Chinese particularly? Truth! Understanding! and International courtesy! Ah! they are all very well, in a way, but a boiling pot is more essential to life.

Hence our friend Mr. Rodyenko has made his plea to the air and the Four Winds and his championship will prove to be no more than a reed in a hurricane. Only, in the interest of Truth, Fair Play and Good Taste, should he get some thanks from his fellow citizens and many, many from me and mine.

Yours very truly,
T. Y. Leo.

(*As Mrs. Saltus requests, we print her letter, with apologies and regrets for whatever inaccuracy of statement may be found in Mr. Hartmann's article.*)

To The Editor of The Bookman:

Dear Sir: In your September issue there appeared an article on my husband,—the late Edgar Saltus, written by Sadakichi Hartmann. If nothing else it possesses one unique merit. Ananias the venerable is put to blush by comparison. To express it gently, Mr. Hartmann has such a creative imagination, that he should confine his pen to melodramatic scenarios and take up his residence in Hollywood.

Whatever may be Mr. Hartmann's opinion as to the merit of Mr. Saltus's later work, (he carefully omits all mention of "The Imperial Orgy") nothing can excuse the suggested slurs and the insidious insinuations against his character. Personal vemon and spite can alone explain it. When a man descends to strike a fellow-in-letters in the

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back and vilify the dead, he reaches an abyss shared only with the hyena and the jackal and other creatures who work in the dark.

The facts will follow. I knew Mr. Saltus from my childhood and was his wife for the ten years preceding his death, so am qualified to speak ex cathedrâ as no one else can.

It is absolutely untrue that Mr. Saltus either spoke or understood one word of Chinese or any other oriental language. It was his regret that he did not, as he wished to read the sacred books of the east in the vernacular.

He lived quietly with me in the Arizona Apartments, 508 West 114th Street, New York City, opposite Columbia University for years before his death, and never,—even upon one occasion entertained anyone in our home. He had no "salon"—no Chinese hangings—Japanese screens or East Indian pottery: no "throne", and no "ten inch cigarette". He had a bedroom and study of the simplest kind, which he sometimes did not leave for weeks at a time. Barring my own family and a few of my personal friends, no one but a doctor or a typist ever entered the apartment to see Mr. Saltus.

Not content with the foregoing Mr. Hartmann tells the public that Mr. Saltus dyed his mustache. That is laughable. For some years before his death, Mr. Saltus's mustache was graduâlly growing gray and was quite white at the last. The pettiness of it only condemns the author.

One of the vilest slanders,—and the most easily given the lie, is that Mr. Saltus lived with some lady of his choice, but "not necessarily the same". That alone, makes Mr. Hartmann open to a suit for criminal libel did I care to press it.

The effort is so crude,—the personal vemon so ill concealed that it defeats its own ends.

I never received Mr. Saltus's friends nor did anyone else do so. He had so withdrawn from the world to study the deeper problems of life, that he had few friends, (most of his old acquaintances having passed on). When he went out,—and owing to his bad health it was only on the most pleasant days,—Mr. Saltus went to but three places. One was the Manhattan Club: another was the Library of Columbia University, and the third was to a young friend of ours who lived a short distance uptown and who assisted Mr. Saltus getting illustrations and condensing notes, sometimes preparing a little dinner for him, as owing to the disposition of our apartment and the maid sleeping out we took most of our meals in a restaurant. That was the extent of his activities outside of our home.

As a last kick Mr. Hartmann refers to one of the most tender and charming qualities Mr. Saltus possessed,—his love of animals.

To a great extent it developed through my influence, as animal rescue work in every form is my life work. Owing to heart trouble, which made it difficult for him to lift any weight, I rescued dogs and Mr. Saltus cats. We made a practice of buying meat and bones for these dumb and defenseless little ones, and animals, with their unerring instinct loved Mr. Saltus. His last act every night was to take our pet dog Toto for a walk around the square.

That Mr. Hartmann cannot see the sweetness and beauty of such acts condemns only himself.

In all fairness to the memory of a man who cannot defend himself,—to me, his wife, to his daughter and to the public,—fed on the offal Mr. Hartmann has thrown out, I ask the Editors of THE BOOKMAN to give the same space and publicity to my letter that they gave to the poison pen making it necessary.

As to Mr. Hartmann,—I leave him to his own conscience, and the great law of karma from which there is no escape. A man capable of such an article,—unlike Mr. Saltus, — will at the end deserve neither wife, daughter, or even a little persecuted pussy cat to comfort him.

Yours truly,

(*Mrs. Edgar Saltus*) MARIE SALTUS.

MY DEAR MR. FARRAR:

Poetic license is responsible for many things, I know, and whether that is the explanation of Miss Deutsch's speaking in her "The New Tradition in Bookplates" of Edwin Davis French as A. D. French, and J. Winfred Spenceley as Winifred Spencelly it is not for a mere collector to say. Feminine collectors would be only too glad to claim the exquisite work of Mr. Spenceley as that of their own sex. However, in this day of accessible knowledge such glaring inaccuracy seems inexcusable, and before Miss Deutsch tackles the subject again may I suggest that she consult page 25 of Mr. Alfred Fowler's "Bookplates for Beginners"?

Very sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH M. RICHARDS.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

Believing that clubs will welcome an outline which combines range of subject with an authoritative understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to present for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series are: I. Contemporary American Fiction (see THE BOOKMAN *for October, November, December, 1922, January, 1923); II. Contemporary American Poetry (see* THE BOOKMAN *for March, April, May, June, July, August, 1923); III. Contemporary American Drama; IV. The Short Story. After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.*

The BOOKMAN *programs are formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, one of the editors of "The Century"; Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, diplomat and literary critic; Mrs. L. A. Miller, chairman of literature, General Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of the New York "Evening Post"; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; Booth Tarkington, the novelist; and Rose V. S. Berry, chairman of the fine arts committee, General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

THE BOOKMAN'S outline of contemporary drama began in the November issue with studies of Augustus Thomas, Owen Davis, Edward Sheldon, and Eugene O'Neill. In December the work of Susan Glaspell, Zoe Akins, Rachel Crothers, Alice Brown, and Zona Gale was considered. The committee has met several difficulties in preparing this outline. In the first place, there are innumerable dramatists whose work should be examined for an understanding of the real theatre of America. Though they may have written only one play, they indubitably belong in any such study list. In the second place, how should these dramatists be divided? As writers of comedy, of tragedy, of poetic drama? This we tried; and found it far from satisfactory. Alphabetical arrangement brought many a dull program. The result is that the arrangement has been purely arbitrary. In each group presented we hope that you will find an interesting afternoon's study.

A word of warning. Many clubs when they study the drama are likely to stick closely to what is generally known as "closet" drama, often historical or poetical dramas by intellectuals of one sort or another whose plays have seldom been produced with success. We urge you not to sniff at the commercial theatre. It is, after all, the root of drama. If you would understand the technique of the theatre, you must know Avery Hopwood and George M. Cohan as well as Eugene O'Neill and Percy MacKaye.

For each of the following dramatists we give a selected list of his published plays, as well as the names of any easily procurable magazine articles dealing with him and his work. As a general bibliography the following books are suggested:

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References

The British and American Drama of To-day. Barrett H. Clark. HOLT.
The Changing Drama. Archibald Henderson. STEWART KIDD.
The Modern Drama. Ludwig Lewisohn. HUEBSCH.
The Drama and the Stage. Ludwig Lewisohn. HARCOURT, BRACE.
The Twentieth Century Theatre. William Lyon Phelps. MACMILLAN.
Seen on the Stage. Clayton Hamilton. HOLT.
The Theatre of Tomorrow. Kenneth Macgowan. BONI, LIVERIGHT.
Our American Theatre. Oliver M. Sayler. BRENTANO.

Anthologies

Chief Contemporary Dramatists, First and Second Series. Thomas H. Dickinson. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
Representative American Plays. Arthur Hobson Quinn. CENTURY.
Contemporary American Plays. Arthur Hobson Quinn. SCRIBNER.
Representative Plays by American Dramatists, Volume Three. Montrose J. Moses. DUTTON.
Longer Plays by Modern Authors (American). Helen Louise Cohen. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Modern American Plays. George P. Baker. HARCOURT, BRACE.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN DRAMA

Committee: Kenneth Macgowan, Chairman; Owen Davis, Jesse Lynch Williams, Alexander Woollcott.

Third Group

LOUIS K. ANSPACHER

The Unchastened Woman. STOKES.

Louis Kaufman Anspacher was born in Cincinnati. He was graduated from Columbia University. He is well known throughout the country as a lecturer on dramatic subjects. A good technician, he has been called on for collaboration in various theatrical enterprises. His one play of importance was "The Unchastened Woman", of which Emily Stevens gave an unusually brilliant portrayal.

"It ['The Unchastened Woman'] pretends to be a thoughtful play, and does indeed go through the motions of thinking. It has no direct message, is indeed a jumble of half-articulate messages. One suspects that the author has been reading Strindberg and has been captivated by one or another of his heartless women. In the central situation alone Strindberg would have found ample material for a clear-cut drama. But Mr. Anspacher, less despairing than the Swede, desired to contrast his heroine with a stable, full-hearted woman and this necessitated a plot so complicated as to dull the artificial lustre of the main theme. . . . These protagonists for all their pretensions lack the intellect to make them really interesting. Strindberg, warped though his outlook on his life was, contrived nevertheless to send momentary shudders through his audience." —NATION, October 14, 1915.

(This play is reviewed by Clayton Hamilton in THE BOOKMAN, December, 1915.)

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY

The Servant in the House. HARPER.
The Terrible Meek. HARPER.

Charles Rann Kennedy, an Englishman born in Derby, has lived in America for many years. He has been a lecturer, actor, and author. His wife is Edith Wynne Matthison, the actress.

"It ['The Servant in the House'] is one of the most notable of recent plays not only on account of its high moral and social purpose, but in its sustained interest, its swift, compact, and logical action and its compliance with the classic laws of dramatic construction, All the unities are faithfully observed. The dialogue is of striking quality."—NATION, April 30, 1908.

"The lofty theme is handled, for the most part, in a lofty way. The play is scarcely

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less remarkable in manner than it is in matter. It is constructed with an absolute compactness. Finally, the mere writing of this play stands in the main upon a level with the masterly structure and the momentous theme. Surely this play is literature, as well as being drama. It deserves to be seen; it deserves also to be read."—Clayton Hamilton, NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, May, 1908.

"Thus this striking little drama ['The Terrible Meek'] is another of the vital documents, like Zangwill's 'The War God', which express the spirit of the time; while regarded as a bit of stage literature it is novel in design and skilful in execution."—Richard Burton, BELLMAN, March 30, 1912.

(Reviewed by Clayton Hamilton in THE BOOKMAN, May, 1912.)

REFERENCE:

Peace, an Interview with the Author of The Terrible Meek. Montrose J. Moses. INDEPENDENT, April 4, 1912.

LEWIS BEACH

The Clod. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
Four One Act Plays: The Clod, Guest for Dinner, Love Among the Lions, Brothers. BRENTANO.

Lewis Beach is one of the younger playwrights, a graduate of Professor Baker's course at Harvard University, and now a resident of New York City. His noteworthy "A Square Peg", presented for a brief period in the season 1922-23, has not yet been published. An idea of his careful and powerful realism may be gained, however from "The Clod" (reviewed by Ludwig Lewisohn in THE NATION, February 21, 1923).

GEORGE CRAM COOK

Spring. SHAY.
Suppressed Desires (with Susan Glaspell). Included in the series of *Provincetown Plays.* STEWART KIDD.

George Cram Cook has been one of the main forces in the famous Provincetown Players. He was born in Davenport, Iowa, and he has studied all the way from his state university, via Harvard, to the University of Geneva. His wife is Susan Glaspell, the playwright, with whom he collaborated in the writing of "Suppressed Desires". Since he is somewhat a mystic, his plays are difficult; but they are distinctly worth studying.

THEODORE DREISER

Plays of the Natural and the Supernatural. LANE.
The Hand of the Potter. BONI, LIVERIGHT.

Theodore Dreiser's plays are even more brutal than his novels. The author of "Jennie Gerhardt" and "Sister Carrie" has not a mind much given to the sweetly sentimental. Dreiser was born in Terre Haute, Indiana. He was a journalist and editor for many years. His naturalistic and much discussed novels blazed the way for the younger realists. At present he is living in New York City and working on a new novel.

GILBERT EMERY

The Hero. Included in *Contemporary American Plays.*

As Emery Pottle, Gilbert Emery was born in upper New York State. He is a graduate of Amherst College who turned from poetry to acting. During the war he served with distinction. His playing of tall English heroes in recent seasons has been marked for quiet praise by the critics. His play "Tarnish", although perhaps not so artistic a piece of work as "The Hero", is at present a great success in the eyes of the public.

ARTHUR RICHMAN

Ambush. DUFFIELD.

Arthur Richman was born in New York City. His education was entirely informal. His youth was an erratic one, with interests varying from racing horses to Shakespeare. "Ambush" shows him at his most serious, but in other of his plays not yet published he displays a distinct gift for light comedy, both romantic and satirical.

ALGERNON TASSIN

The Craft of the Tortoise. BONI, LIVERIGHT.

By many critics, "The Craft of the Tortoise" is considered one of America's best plays. It is to be produced, in all probability, during the coming season. Mr. Tassin was born in Fort Halleck, Nevada, was graduated from Harvard University, and was for a time an actor. He is now a professor at Columbia University.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

HOW do various authors collect material for fiction? Is the reporting instinct similar to the purely creative? We have been pondering on that matter recently as we turned again to writing stories. Our own tendency, we find, is to conceive a scene, imagine what it ought to be like, then go out after details to prove our point. We fancy that some persons actually see their *mise en scène* before they proceed. Just now we are in abject difficulty. Our hero is a young prizefighter. He can be nothing else. Obviously, the answer is to become a prizefighter for a week; but there are difficulties which effectively block such a procedure. Compromise? Boxing lessons, possibly, or striking up an acquaintance with Jack Dempsey.

We met Ibáñez the other day before he set sail around the world, and were astonished by his oratorical flow of French which we found not too easy to understand. He is a sparkling, energetic man. His ring studded hands move swiftly. He delights in the eloquent gesture. Plots? His head is full of them. Then, for the first time we met Katharine Fullerton Gerould, whose beautiful snow white hair was a revelation and whose laughing manner quite belied her supposedly strenuous attitude toward the younger generation. Frank Swinnerton, on close acquaintance, is thoroughly entertaining. He drips anecdotes of literary London and regards America with eyes as genial and sparkling as those of a puppy who has suddenly been presented with a thoroughly admirable bone. Harrison Rhodes has returned from Italy, much improved in health and ready to write six plays and a couple of novels. His "A Gift Book for My Mother" is still very nearly our favorite essay in book form.

We saw Robert Edmond Jones—tall, red bearded, as æthereal in appearance as ever—bending anxiously over the back row of seats at the Plymouth during the first night of "A Royal Fandango", for which he designed what were unusual and effective sets. Soon Mr. Jones, Kenneth Macgowan, and Eugene O'Neill will reopen the Provincetown Playhouse as an experimental theatre. As guest players, Ben-Ami, Frank Conroy, Clare Eames, Rosalind Fuller, and several others have consented to act. The first venture will be a new long play by Eugene O'Neill, "All God's Chillun Got Wings". Such a combination of talents, with the addition of Bel-Geddes, Simonson, Rosse, Jones, and Throckmorton to mount plays, should produce a theatre more than noteworthy.

We have been reading "President Coolidge" by Edward Elwell Whiting and we find Mr. Whiting's final estimate of his honor, the President, interesting:

> Calvin Coolidge's ascent has been methodical. He has fulfilled every duty as it came to him. He has a sane political philosophy. If the future is to be judged by the past, his friends are justified in their expectations. He faces, as President, vaster problems than he has known before. He stands upon a sure foundation of character. He commands public trust by virtue of the accuracy with which he represents American qualities.
>
> He is of material from which great things may come. Events will try him.

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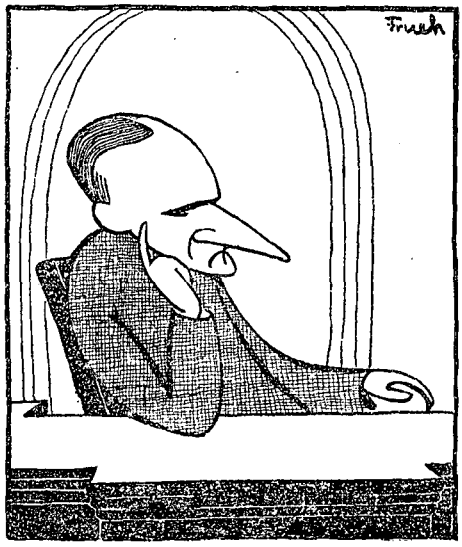
Perhaps, since we admire our chief executive so heartily, since we shall never forget that he liked a poem of ours once and told us so, we should



Reprinted from the New York "World"

not publish this rather penetrating caricature by Al Frueh. Nevertheless, we recommend Mr. Whiting's book and present you with Mr. Frueh's caricature.

November always brings to New York the "Winter Academy". Having but a short time there we were systematic, marking down in the front of the catalogue the numbers of all the pictures that we liked. When, a week later, we tried to fit the titles in the catalogue to the pictures in our mind, we judged the system a failure. But we do remember Ray Brown's "Cliffs", cool green and sand tones, and Lillian Genth's sun spotted shade in "Friends", and the misty distances of Chauncey Ryder's "Hellbrook Trail". Either we were vastly impressed with Harriet Frismuth's "Vine", a nude of more than life size, or the rest of the sculpture was too badly placed to be noticed, but all that we really saw was that slim joyous girl. We read somewhere that William Gedney Bunce never painted anything but Venice. The Milch Gallery showed how magically he caught that fascinating city or, to be exact, the water therearound and the gay sailed boats. A soft, mystical sort of place, opalescent, gleaming, the colors slipping one into another as they do at sunset. A romantic Venice, quite unlike the verbal versions given by our practical friends. The Brooklyn Museum is a place worth watching for stimulating exhibits. It isn't so bad to get there—one branch of the Interborough subway goes there directly. We refuse to take the responsibility of saying *which* branch, because the subway still lands us at places to which we never meant to go. The Museum exhibit had a goodly amount of black and white work, a whole wall of Aubrey Beardsley; Walter Crane decorations; Kate Greenaway's delicate pencil sketches of—not quaint children but flowers. You think, "There's nothing like black and white", then, "There's nothing like color" as you sight the modern "juicy" water colors. Here among many exhibitors were Ernest Roth, Howard Giles, Frances Delehanty, Dudley Mygatt, each with an individual interpretation of the medium. Reader of this, go—if the exhibit is still there when the magazine comes out.

THE BOOKMAN'S third annual children's essay contest was by far the most interesting we have had. That three of the prizes—the second and two others—were won by pupils of the same school is an interesting fact. It perhaps goes to prove that an inspiring teacher of English can do more to promote creative originality than is

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generally supposed. Both first and second prizes were won by young people of thirteen. The first prize, awarded on grounds of strong originality, goes to Lucia Perry of Upper Montclair, New Jersey. To Stewart Riddell of Berkeley, California, is awarded second prize. The other successful contestants are: Philena Ressegger, 15, Rochester, New York; Leigh Athern, 13, Berkeley, California; Louise Towne, 15, Meriden, Connecticut; Virginia Smith, 14, and Mary Alice Horswill, 14, of Oakland, California, who collaborated; Helen Weinstein, 5th term high school student, New York City; Sidney Woolner, 12, Detroit, Michigan; Josephine L. Miles, 12, Los Angeles, California; and Olive Williams, 15, Omaha, Nebraska.

Here are the first and second prize essays, printed exactly as they are written:

KING TUTANKAHMEN'S RUIN

(1923)

By Lucia Perry

Characters
King Tutankahmen
Prince Bulbo
Ivanhoe
Andivius Hudolio
Malvolio
William Green Hill

Act I

Scene I. [*King "Tut's" private office, the Stock Exchange, New York.*]

[*King "Tut" is telephoning Prince Bulbo inviting him to a dinner to be given at Ye Luxor Villa, King Tutankahmen's residence on Long Island. Prince Bulbo after much hesitation accepts the invitation. King Tutankahmen then begins to look over papers which prove to be, from his various broken sentences, deeds concerning his will and notes about the tomb he is having constructed in the Valley of the Kings.*]

Scene II. [*King Tutankahmen's residence, Ye Luxor Villa, Long Island.*]

[*Enter King Tutankahmen, Prince Bulbo, Ivanhoe, Andivius Hudolio, Malvolio, and William Green Hill.*]

KING "TUT." Well friends it is fine to come together again; a buffet lunch will be served in the hanging gardens. Will you have a cigarette, Cius Andivius? Chesterfield, "they satisfy" you know.

[*Andivius takes a cigarette*]

MALVOLIO. You know King "Tut" these Luxor styles don't suit me at all well. Olivia wore a Luxor gown the other night. I tried to draw her attention, but she would talk of nothing except Luxor, Luxor, Luxor; I don't believe she even noticed my cross-gartered golf stockings. Sir Toby laughs and says I look like a ballet dancer, but you know he is very ignorant of what is becoming.

IVANHOE. I was planning to rent my coat of mail to the Metropolitan Museum, but the churlish fellows there, said that they had too many and that they would rather have something Egyptain.

[*Enter servant*]

SERVANT. Will you take Ginger Ale or Sarsparilla after your capsule Mr. Tutankahmen?

KING TUT. Sarsparilla, Johnson; [*To his friends*] The Ginger Ale Eskimoes have haunted me so much of late to get me to say that I take Ginger Ale for my health that I fear I shall have a nervous breakdown.

WILLIAM G. H. Me and Wilkes Booth Lincoln haven't seen no "Eskimoe" since we was born.

IVANHOE. Listen to the child talk. He is my great-great-great-granddaughter's nephew, Billy by name. He lived on a plantation; a very spoiled child you know. At the age of six my great-great-great-granddaughter Minerva took him, but he hasn't improved since.

ANDIVIUS. Yes he is spoiled. He reminds me of Commodus, by the way he does everything he sees done that is exciting. Poor Commodus would have taken up foot-ball this year but he came down with the "flu" and Galon forbade any strenuous exercise.

[*Enter servant*]

SERVANT. Sirs, the buffet lunch is about to be served in the hanging gardens; will it please you to step this way.

[*They disappear through a French door*]

Scene III. [*Belmont Park; the races.*]

[*Enter King Tutankahmen, Prince Bulbo, Ivanhoe, and Andivius Hudolio.*]

KING "TUT." I'm betting on Papyrus ten to one. How about it Bulbo?

PRINCE B. All right. I'll probably lose. Since my hair was pulled out I find myself slightly lacking.

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IVANHOE. Of course I'm for England. You say Malvolio won't ride well, Andivius, but you know Papyrus is a good steed. What do you think Bulbo?

PRINCE B. Zev will win.

KING "TUT." Let's go in now.

[*They approach the gate. King "Tut" gives his tickets but the ticket collector won't let them through because he says they are counterfeits; he then slams the door in their faces.*]

ANDIVIUS. Let's climb the wall and look through the bars at the top. Maybe King "Tut" can tell us some way to get up.

KING "TUT." I'll show you! Andivius, you and Ivanhoe stand close together, so. Now I'll jump on to your shoulders and from there to the bars. You catch my feet and pull yourselves up.

[*King "Tut" jumps pulling his feet up quickly. The others are left on the ground.*]

[*Herald shouting from within*] O yea, O yea, O yea. I announce the famous $100,000 races between the good steeds Papyrus and Zev, mounted by the excellent jockeys Malvolio for England and William Green Hill for America.

IVANHOE. The race is on. I think you're mean King "Tut."

[*Bulbo sits down under a shrub and falls asleep.*]

[*Pause*]

KING "TUT." [*Shouting*] Zev won. [*he thinks a moment*] Oh but I bet my fortune on Papyrus and now I'll have to retire to the Valley of Kings. This will certainly result in my death, but the tomb is already to receive me—that's a relief.

[*Curtain*]

THE GATE OF BLUE

By Stewart Riddell

Characters

The Happy Prince
The Admirable Crichton
Robin Hood
Emperor Jones
Anna Christie
King Argimenes
The Princess (from the Remarkable Rocket)
John Silver
Little John
A child in white

Scene I

A mountain cottage. Prince and Princess sitting on bench.

PRINCE—

What a weary life is this, dear,
Not a tiny blade of grass, dear,
Is quivering on the hill.
The sun is burning hot, dear,
Not a single bird
Is singing in the tree.

PRINCESS—

Not a weary day you call it, love,
A weary day, why no, love,
I see the grass a quivering
The birds are gaily twittering
And lo! the sun shines cooly,
Yes, my dove.

(Enter the Admirable Crichton)

ADMIRABLE CRICHTON—

To you I am talking, my young ones,
Today I saw two young fawns.
A gaying were they
By the big green bay. . . .
Like you, I hope,
This happy day.

HAPPY PRINCE—

By the Gods,
I am unhappy, oh,
A very deadly foe
Of mine is lurking
On the green.

(Enter Robin Hood)

ROBIN HOOD—

I a foe! I am a foe of no man, none
But traitorous Prince John.

(Emperor Jones comes wearily in)

EMPEROR JONES—

What an unhappy soul have I,
Covered with the cloak of superstition,
I'm waning fast.
Oh to climb those Golden Stairs.

(Enter Anna Christie carrying an old satchel; she is travel worn and coarse in speech.)

ANNA CHRISTIE—

Huh, what you talking about. Climb those Golden Stairs! I hope the whole bunch of yu go to the other place. Talk about unhappy, bah!

(Enter King Argimenes, in splendid costume.)

KING ARGIMENES—

Oh, to gnaw a bone once more,
To be a beggar
Now and forever.
I would be happy then.

ANNA CHRISTIE—

You would not. I'd swap jobs with you for a change.

KING ARGIMENES—

No. I would have no one as unhappy as I.

(Enter John Silver)

JOHN SILVER *(looks at Anna)*—

Shiver me timbers I'm getting old. I would I'd be as young as ye, me friends.

(Enter Little John)

LITTLE JOHN—

Come, you're not unhappy.
Think of the forests green.
The hillsides flowery

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With their silver sheen
Shine in the inward eye.

PRINCE—
But you make us more unhappy with your happiness.

(A child in white dances in)

CHILD—
Come unhappy people,
Oh weary, burdened people,
And let me help your happiness renew.
If you will bide with me,
Oh come awhile with me,
And enter in the shining gate of blue.

End of Scene I

Scene II

(The curtain is blue and there is a gate in a wall back stage. All of the characters are there. Weary with travel, but they're there.)

WHITE CHILD—
Here our journey's ended.
A long day we've wended
Our way o'er the hill.
O'er the hill of life
We've left a trail . . .
A trail of golden books
For people now mortal
To tell their children when they're old.

(The gate slowly opens. Stars are seen hanging limply in a field of blue. The characters all enter wearily, but happy, at last. The gate closes and from within is heard a chorus.)

CHORUS—
Hollyhocks are swaying
And the trees are rocking
Gently in the breeze.
All the birds are singing sweetly. . . .
Sing lowly and discreetly. . . .
For we are singing too.
Our souls are wandering through
The bright and shining meadows,
The glorious sunny meadows,
The meadows of the Country of the Blue.

The End.

The Army-Navy game proved to be quite a literary one, with Ralph Henry Barbour in town to get modern slang and local color for his boys' books; with Natalie Sumner Lincoln here from Washington to cheer for the navy, to which her young nephew belongs; and with George Gibbs rushing over from Philadelphia for the exciting event. They were all three tremendously thrilled and watched the weather with one eye. The other was fixed on us as they said, "Of course, that's not for publication." Even though we didn't get even the radio returns of that annual game we rejoiced at the opportunity it gave us to meet three writers of diverse accomplishments: an author of juveniles, an author of mystery stories, and a novelist. We regret that we were not born a boy, or at least a tomboy, for on inquiring we find that it is a part of one's youth to have a passion for Mr. Barbour's forty or fifty books. One man claims to have purchased and read every one and then in his enthusiasm to have given them all away; and THE BOOKMAN'S office boy, Angelo, has recently made away with the very latest of the series. Mr. Barbour has no children of his own, which is a shame, since he has twinkling eyes and a grey mustache; but he has visited most of the prep schools and colleges in the east and went to a military academy himself. When he was fourteen Ouida's "Under Two Flags" was the epitome of romance to him. "Boys are more sentimental and romantic than girls, anyway, and if you know how, you can make the toughest youngster weep." He tries now and then to write, if not exactly the great American novel, at least a grown up novel, but in the middle of it, he admits, he finds his elders talking like children, acting like children, and thinking like children. That is his viewpoint and he can't break away from it. Miss Lincoln is a busy lady who edits the D. A. R. magazine in the daytime and writes her detective tales at night. She says she has often fallen asleep at her typewriter. Anna Katharine Green paid her the nice compliment of calling on her one time to express admiration for her books. We meant to find out what trick of mind brings forth titles like "The Moving Finger",

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"The Unseen Ear", and "The Three Strings". Miss Lincoln uses Washington as her locale because she believes a recognizable scene adds interest to mystery novels. Mr. Gibbs, as you may know, is just as much artist as writer. In fact, he alternates painting with plotting novels; while he is at work illustrating one book he is writing the next. At the moment he has several canvases on exhibition in St. Louis. He is a giant of a man with an imposing beard and a smiling manner. The heroine of his new book "Fires of Ambition", he says, is a real person who once posed for him, and whose life was just as eventful and progressive as Mary Ryan's. We understand that Mr. Gibbs is the literary light of Philadelphia. He is almost as prolific a writer as Mr. Barbour, with some twenty novels to his credit, a serial just beginning, and a novel in the offing.

His publishers announce that Oliver M. Sayler is probably the hardest working writer in the world. There seems to be no way to prove that point; but assuredly he is *one* of the hardest working men in New York City. To see him at a Morris Gest first night (he is Mr. Gest's publicity agent) is to be assured that he is calm and collected—a wisp of a man with a thin face and large eyes which seem larger because of glasses which greatly magnify their size. His wife Lucie R. Sayler has illustrated one of his latest books, "Our American Theatre". Her drawings in the wood cut manner are most effective. Mr. Sayler has edited this autumn the Eleonora Duse series of plays and the Moscow Art Theatre series. Shortly his book "Max Reinhardt: His Art and Achievement" will follow. His amazing gifts as a press agent are scarcely to be reckoned in the ordinary sense, for he possesses not only the ability to think in terms of publicity but to put across his ideas in terms of the intellect. Elsewhere

Oliver Sayler

in this number Morris Gest was called a P. T. Barnum of the highbrow drama. Oliver Sayler is, many times, the mouthpiece and the headpiece of Mr. Gest. Together they form an amazing combination in presenting the fine things of Europe to America and making America take them!

Days literate and illiterate pass, likewise authors. Cosmo Hamilton, faultlessly attired, tells us he is to write what will in effect be his autobiography, or rather a book about people he has met which, after being saturdayeveningposted, will make a record like that of Farington or Pepys. Elinor Wylie, now Mrs. William Rose Benét, says she is pleased with the eighteenth century style in which her "Jennifer Lorn" has been

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published. Samuel Merwin confides that his novel "Silk" is the fruit of some twenty-five years' reading and study of China; he has also been there. Dr. Joseph Collins puts Edna Ferber among the first five living American writers. Ellen Glasgow confesses that Hugh Walpole calls her delightful residence at Richmond, his American home. Phyllis Bottome, otherwise Mrs. Ernan Forbes-Dennis, is off to Washington and Boston for final visits before returning with her husband to England. Rebecca West tells us that a grieved but firm mother has insisted on reading to her the poems of a child now dead; this was in Chicago. Lloyd Morris reports that Paul Morand is finishing a novel written simultaneously in French and English. Maxwell Aley, now of "The Woman's Home Companion", declares that Sheila Kaye-Smith is a quite delightful person; but then, we never thought otherwise. Cyril Hume, author of "Wife of the Centaur", is constantly retreating to Connecticut to write and as constantly being dragged to New York. John Schoolcraft, who wrote "The Bird of Passage", is back in New York from Virginia. Anne Parrish, who is also Mrs. C. A. Corliss, has finished the novel which will follow "A Pocketful of Poses", and has collaborated with her brother Dillwyn Parrish on "Knee High to a Grasshopper" and "Lustres". Charles Divine, whose book of verse "Gypsy Gold" is newly published, has looked in upon us. Donald Ogden Stewart, at our elbow, is autographing copies of "Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind". We saw Alexander Black, author of "Jo Ellen", at Wanamaker's Book Week and he spoke bravely for one who had to follow on the heels of Captain Traprock, the intrepid and laugh evoking explorer. In short, our days are full of what F. P. A. would call Dulcy far niente!

William Patten sends us the following correction:

In the brief notes of reminiscence which Mr. Hugh Walpole contributed to THE BOOKMAN a few months ago, he spoke of the translator of "The Odd Number", thirteen tales by Guy de Maupassant, as *Julian* Sturges. In the September number Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann mentions meeting at Edgar Fawcett's the translator of Maupassant's stories, *Russell* Sturges. The first American translator of de Maupassant's short stories was Jonathan Sturges. Henry James wrote the introduction to "The Odd Number". The success of the little dark blue book with its cover design in silver was beyond all precedent. Everyone seemed to be reading it. Ministers preached sermons about some of the stories and mentioned the book by name from the pulpit. Fewer people read French in those days, and it gave de Maupassant a vogue in this country that grew to large proportions. I hope you will make this correction in the interest of accuracy, and also for the benefit of those who remember Sturges's brilliant writing and still like to recall his keen and eager interest, his lovable personality.

Clara E. Laughlin, whose many books on France and on other subjects have made her well known in America, as in France (she is a member of the Legion of Honor), has undertaken two new activities this season, under the auspices of the Grace Hickox Studios in Chicago. She is delivering a series of lectures on literary backgrounds in Italy, France, and England, and she has devised a correspondence course of preparation for travel. This seems to us a particularly interesting proposition if it is well done—and Miss Laughlin is assuredly a capable person. We have often gone to a place in which we should have liked to do our own particular variety of sight seeing, yet our historical background has proved not great enough to allow us to proceed to the right places and has forced us to appeal to the hated guide.

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